



C. HENTSCHEL 59

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



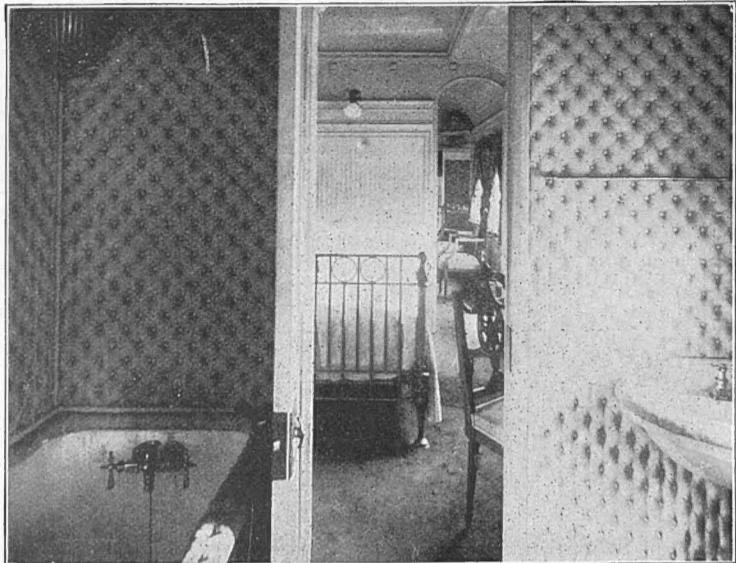
MISS EDNA MAY

AS THE BARONESS DE TREGUE IN "KITTY GREY," AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

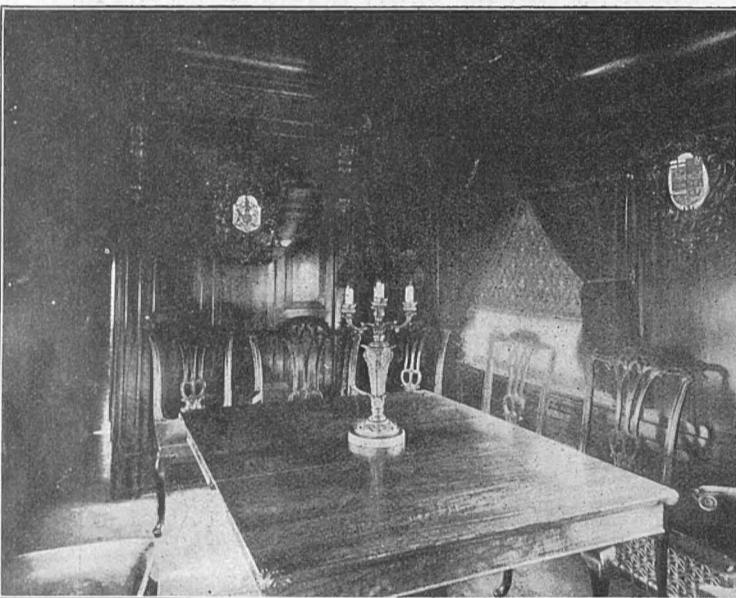
ROYALTY ON RAILS.

The three photos on this page give a good idea of the luxurious train fitted up by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for the conveyance of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York through Canada. This



BATH-ROOM AND A GLIMPSE OF THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK'S BEDROOM, NIGHT-COACH "YORK."

train is being used in the Royal progress from Quebec to Vancouver and return to Halifax—that is to say, for a journey of over seven thousand



PRIVATE DINING-ROOM, DAY-COACH "CORNWALL."

miles. Each of the Royal bedrooms has its own bath-room attached, and the Duke and Duchess have a private dining-room.



DINING-CAR "SANDRINGHAM."
From Photographs by W. Notman and Son, Montreal.

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Sole Lessee, Mr. J. H. Leigh.
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A New Play in Five Acts.

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Adapted from Thackeray's "Vanity Fair"
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MISS MARIE TEMPEST as Becky Sharp.
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MATINEE AND SATURDAY
AT 2 O'CLOCK.

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BECKY SHARP.

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Every Evening, at 8 precisely, an original drama, in five Acts, by A. W. Pinero, entitled
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BRIGHTON.—The "Pullman Limited" will resume running on Oct. 6, and run every subsequent Sunday from Victoria Station 11 a.m. TO BRIGHTON IN 60 MINUTES. Passengers should book in advance at Victoria, or City Office, 6, Arthur Street East, as the number of seats is limited. Return Fare 12s.

WEEK-END TICKETS to all South Coast Seaside places from London and Suburban Stations every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. For Particulars address Superintendent of the Line, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge Terminus.

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FOODS FOR THE FAT.

(DIET IN CORPULENCE.)

By N. E. YORKE-DAVIES, L.R. Coll. Phys. Lond., &c. Illustrates the evils of quackery and drugs and that the permanent cure of Obesity is a matter of diet alone.

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The GLOBE says:—"Strikes us, as far as we have dipped into it, as being full of wisdom."

The QUEEN says:—"The advice contained in this book will be invaluable to many."

HEALTH says:—"The work before us may certainly be commended to the notice of the corpulent."

The WORLD says:—"The fattest will rise and call the Doctor blessed."

ST. STEPHEN'S REVIEW says:—"The only practical treatise we have seen on this subject, written by a man who has had many years' experience."

LIVERPOOL POST says:—"A very sensible book, shows how a healthy condition is to be maintained or regained."

The SPEAKER says:—"Contains much sound and reliable advice, and deals thoroughly with the question of diet, exercise, and treatment."

The LADY says:—"The very best book on corpulence that has ever been written."

LADY'S PICTORIAL says:—"A most comprehensive and useful little book. I strongly recommend it to fat people."

CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C., or from any Bookseller.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The King's Return Home.

King Edward has now returned from the longest stay abroad made by him since his Accession. Their Majesties left England under peculiarly sad circumstances, in order to attend the funeral of the late Empress Frederick; they have both had thorough change and rest, and His Majesty was greeted during his brief stay in town with loyal enthusiasm.

The Court at Balmoral.

Great gratification is felt on Deeside at the arrival of Queen Alexandra at Balmoral. It was at first rumoured that His Majesty would alone visit the Highlands this autumn. The Queen Consort has always been attached to Scotland and to the Scotch, and one of Her Majesty's first drives in the neighbourhood of her new home is sure to be to Abergeldie, where she came as a bride, and where there are still many interesting mementoes of her residence there during the first few years of her own and the then Prince of Wales's married life. King Edward, who has always been a keen stalker, will be able to enjoy excellent sport in the neighbourhood of Balmoral, for the Royal deer-forests contain a famous herd of deer, of which some of the original stock were imported from Germany by the Prince Consort. It is also certain that the Duke of Fife will organise a number of deer-drives in Mar Forest, and both Queen Alexandra and the Duchess of Fife are expected to act as hostesses this autumn to a group of Continental Royalties.

An Exciting Experience.

The Duchess of Cornwall and York is never likely to have a more exciting, and at the same time enjoyable, experience than her slide through the Rapids of the Ottawa River. Although the "timber slide," as it is called, looks as though it were encumbered with dangers, it is really perfectly safe, and most visitors to the Dominion make a point of enjoying it. The "slide," or "crib," looks like nothing so much as a sort of rude raft, and the sensation experienced during the rapid progress

through the Rapids almost exactly resembles that which gives delight to thousands of visitors to those places of popular entertainment where there is a water-chute.

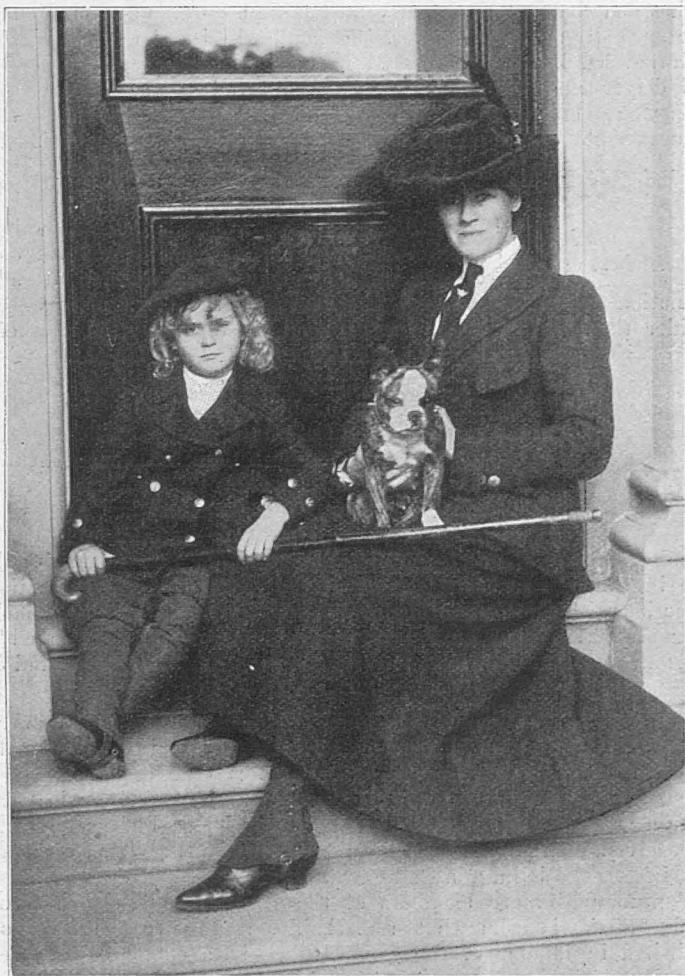
A Charming Suggestion.

It has remained for a young Canadian lassie to suggest by far the prettiest and most charming idea which has brightened the Royal tour. Thanks to this ingenious schoolgirl, Prince Edward and his brothers and little sister will enjoy quite a novel toy, namely, a complete model of the



LADY HELEN STEWART, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO LORD STAVORDALE WAS ANNOUNCED LAST WEEK.

Photo by Bullingham, Harrington Road, S.W.



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND AND LADY ROSEMARY.

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

city of Toronto, so arranged that it can be taken to pieces and put together again, as are the miniature wooden-brick buildings in which all children so delight. The cost of this unique toy will be borne by the little scholars of Toronto, who will each contribute their mite towards the gift. Few people are aware that all the toys presented to the Royal children ultimately find their way to hospitals and schools, not a few being sent each year to that most excellent of societies, the Children's Happy Evenings Association.

The Duchess of Sutherland.

That the Duchess of Sutherland should have, in a great measure, recovered from the effects of her serious riding accident is a source of great satisfaction to the many people, in every strata of society, who have met the beautiful mistress of Stafford House and Dunrobin Castle. The Duchess is one of a group of singularly gifted sisters and half-sisters which includes Lady Warwick and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox. The Duchess of Sutherland and her little daughter, Lady Rosemary, are both very fond of riding and of horses, and hitherto her Grace has been a very fortunate as well as fearless horsewoman.

An Important Engagement.

The announcement that a marriage has been arranged between Lady Helen Stewart, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Londonderry, and Lord Stavordale, the only son and heir of Lord and Lady Ilchester, has excited the greatest interest in Society, where the bride-elect has long been one of the most popular of girls, while Lord Stavordale is equally well known as a brilliant young officer and the future owner of perhaps the most delightful of London residences, historic Holland House. Lady Helen Stewart has spent much of her life in Ireland, where, at Mount Stewart, she has more than once helped to entertain Royal visitors. She has also often done the honours of Wynyard Park to distinguished guests, for Lady Londonderry has of late years been far from strong, and has delegated some at least of her hospitable duties to her clever and good-looking daughter. One great sorrow has overshadowed

the future Lady Stavordale's life—the premature death of her brilliant brother, Lord Reginald, to whom she was tenderly devoted. Her only other brother, Lord Castlereagh, was married about this time last year to Lady Helen's great friend, Miss Chaplin. It is probable that the marriage will take place from Londonderry House, one of the finest mansions in Park Lane. The engagement took place and was announced at Wynyard Park, where Lord and Lady Londonderry have been entertaining a large house-party, among whom was the bridegroom-elect. It will be remembered that Lord Stavordale's sister, Lady Muriel Fox-Strangways, is herself to be married in the course of a week or two.

The Coronation. Among the most prominent gatherings next year in connection with the Coronation of the King will be a splendid Garden-Party in the grounds at Buckingham Palace. Not only will the lake be used for boating purposes, but I am told that the Sovereign will have sundry motor-cars on hand for the use of his guests. They are to be specially made for the occasion, and will be of a particular make much fancied by the King, who is, although, as everybody knows, a good driver and horseman, especially partial to the latest form of locomotion. His car at Homburg, if it did not set the fashion, certainly encouraged the new vehicles. Those which His Majesty has commanded for the fête in question are to be made, if possible, in England.

The King and the Kaiser. I am told, on the best authority, that His Majesty the King-Emperor has extended the most cordial welcome to his nephew the Kaiser to attend the Coronation festivities next year, and has asked the German monarch to consider the suite of apartments owned by his regretted mother the Empress Frederick, in her right as Princess Royal of Great Britain, as his own. This is a very graceful act on the part of the King, and in some way a return for the generous manner in which the Kaiser placed the Castle of Homburg at the disposal of our Sovereign. The apartments in question have not been much changed in their internal appearance, unlike the rest of Buckingham Palace. They contain some beautiful sketches made by the heroic Empress who concealed her suffering for the benefit of her country—I mean, Germany—and her relatives. It depends upon the wish of the Emperor whether any change shall be made in the present arrangement of the rooms. I may mention in connection with the Coronation that all the hotels in the neighbourhood of Buckingham Palace have been or are being rapidly "booked" by important visitors. One hostelry is already full for May, June, and July.

Prince Alexander's Future. Prince Alexander of Battenberg, who is nearing his fifteenth birthday, has just returned to Wellington College to resume his studies. The Prince, who is a bright lad, and was a great favourite with Queen Victoria, was originally intended for the sea-service; but in due time he will receive a commission from the King either in the Guards or in the 10th Hussars. Wellington College has been favoured during the past half-century with more members of the Royal Family than any other school. This is somewhat remarkable, seeing that the school—established in honour of the great Duke—is a comparatively recent institution. The late Sovereign, who laid the foundation-stone, exhibited an unfailing interest in the School, in which it was originally intended that boys should be trained for the Army, as the cadets are on the

Britannia at Dartmouth for the Navy. Though many of the students at Wellington adopt a military life, the School is not necessarily a training ground for the Horse Guards.

Princess Beatrice and her Family. Princess Beatrice, who is extremely devoted to her fatherless children, will thus be deprived, till close upon Christmas, of the companionship of her first-born. The Princess, who in many respects resembles her mother, and not least in the personal attention she bestows on each of her children, will reside chiefly at Osborne until Christmas is over. Early in January she will go abroad for a short sojourn with her family. Princess Henry will not enter on regular occupation of the apartments allotted to her in Kensington Palace till well on in 1902, when the Court mourning will be entirely over. There is a good deal of work



MR. ROBERT BARNARD,
MANAGER OF THE PARSONS TURBINE COMPANY,
WHO WAS DROWNED IN THE "COBRA."
Photo by West and Son, Southsea.

yet to be done at Kensington Palace, but by the time of the Coronation ceremonies, when Princess Henry is likely to make her first public appearance in London, all will be in readiness for the Princess and her family.

*The Tragedy of the
"Cobra."*

The wreck of H.M.S. *Cobra*, the second turbine destroyer lost within a few weeks, the actual cause of which remains, and seems likely to remain, one of the dark mysteries of the sea, has been attended by, it is unfortunately only too probable, as great a loss of life as the worst anticipations feared. The hope that there would be more survivors than the small number (twelve) picked up in the dinghy can scarcely now be entertained, and there can be little doubt, I grieve to say, of the fate of the remainder of the crew. The ill-fated vessel, it will be remembered, set out from Newcastle on Sept. 17, in charge of a navigating party consisting of fifty-three officers, petty-officers, and men, under the command of Lieutenant A. Bosworth-Smith. As she was still in the hands of her contractors, the *Cobra* had on board Mr. Sandison, the well-known Engineering Manager of the Elswick Shipyard, Mr. Barnard, Manager of Parsons' Turbine Works, and twenty-two men. Out of her total complement of seventy-seven souls, sixty-two have perished—a deep tragedy, a national disaster, both as regards the ship and the men, which has cast us all into gloom and mourning.

Lieutenant Bosworth-Smith died at his post like the gallant officer and gentleman that he was. It is stated by one of the survivors that, having given the last few instructions that were necessary, the unfortunate Lieutenant stood on the bridge with folded arms and watched with calmness and fortitude the departure of the only link between himself and the world from which he was being cut off for ever. By his side was Chief Engineer Percy, whose lot it was to be saved while the other perished. The late Mr. Alan Wyldbone Bosworth-Smith joined the Royal Navy in 1883 as a Cadet, becoming a Midshipman two years later. He was promoted to a Sub-Lieutenancy in 1889, and to a Lieutenancy in 1892. He was Lieutenant in H.M.S. *Wellington* at the time of the disaster, having been detached temporarily to take the *Cobra* from the North to Portsmouth. The late Mr. Robert Barnard was a naval architect and engineer of acknowledged ability, and much respected at Tyneside, where he lived with his wife and family. He was only thirty-eight years of age. Mr. Sandison had been the Superintendent Engineer of the famous Elswick Yard of Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co. since its establishment in 1884, and was a man of high professional standing and greatly esteemed by all who knew him. Alas that they, and so many other good men and true, should fall victims to so mournful a destiny!

*The "Cobra" and
the Turbine.*

The *Cobra* is reported to have cost the Admiralty £70,000. The Managing Director of the Parsons Marine Steam-Turbine Company, the Hon. Charles Algernon Parsons, gave orders that work be discontinued for the remainder of the week after the lamentable calamity to the *Cobra*. Although the *Viper* and *Cobra* have been so unfortunate, experts say that the turbine principle had nothing to do with it. Messrs. Denny, Dumbarton, built a Clyde passenger-boat on this principle, the *King Edward*, which runs to Campbeltown and which is giving every satisfaction. The inventor is also proprietor of the electrical and engineering works of C. A. Parsons and Co., at Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne. He is the fourth son of the third Earl of Rosse, and was born June 13, 1854, and educated at Cambridge. His residence is Holeyn Hall, Wylam-on-Tyne, which, it may be remembered, was the birthplace of George Stephenson. The house in which the Killingworth engine-driver was born has been partly rebuilt, and the North-Eastern Railway possess the door.

*Czolgosz
Condemned.*

After a trial which extended over two days, at Buffalo, Czolgosz, the dastardly assassin of President McKinley, was, on Tuesday of last week, found guilty of murder in the first degree. The Anarchist himself pleaded guilty, but, according to the American law in a case of this kind, this plea could not be accepted. The authorities appointed as counsel to defend him Mr. Lorain L. Lewis and Mr. Robert C. Titus, both of whom had been Justices of the Supreme Court. The former concluded an impressive speech on behalf of the murderer by suggesting it would be better to think that the act of Czolgosz was "the act of a madman," but the Jury, very sensibly, did not sympathise with this view in the least, and, after a few minutes' consideration, returned a verdict of guilty. Sentence was postponed till Thursday afternoon (Sept. 26), when it was announced that the man would be executed by electrocution, the legal method of carrying out the death-penalty in New York State, on Oct. 28, the earliest date possible according to the law. Czolgosz himself appears to be indifferent to his fate.



LIEUTENANT BOSWORTH-SMITH,
THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THE "COBRA,"
WHO WENT DOWN WITH HIS SHIP.

The Miniature Maudes.

While Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude are triumphantly touring with their and Mr. Frederick Harrison's great Haymarket success, "The Second in Command," the Editor of *The Sketch* thought it might interest his readers to learn how the little Maudes are going along. You will be glad to hear that while Papa and Mamma are nightly winning golden opinions from all sorts of (provincial) people, their offspring are, up at Brompton Crescent, and in sundry other urban and rural spots, daily gaining golden opinions on their own account. Indeed, they are all as much beloved in private life as their delightful mother, the artistic Winifred Emery, is in the theatrical world.

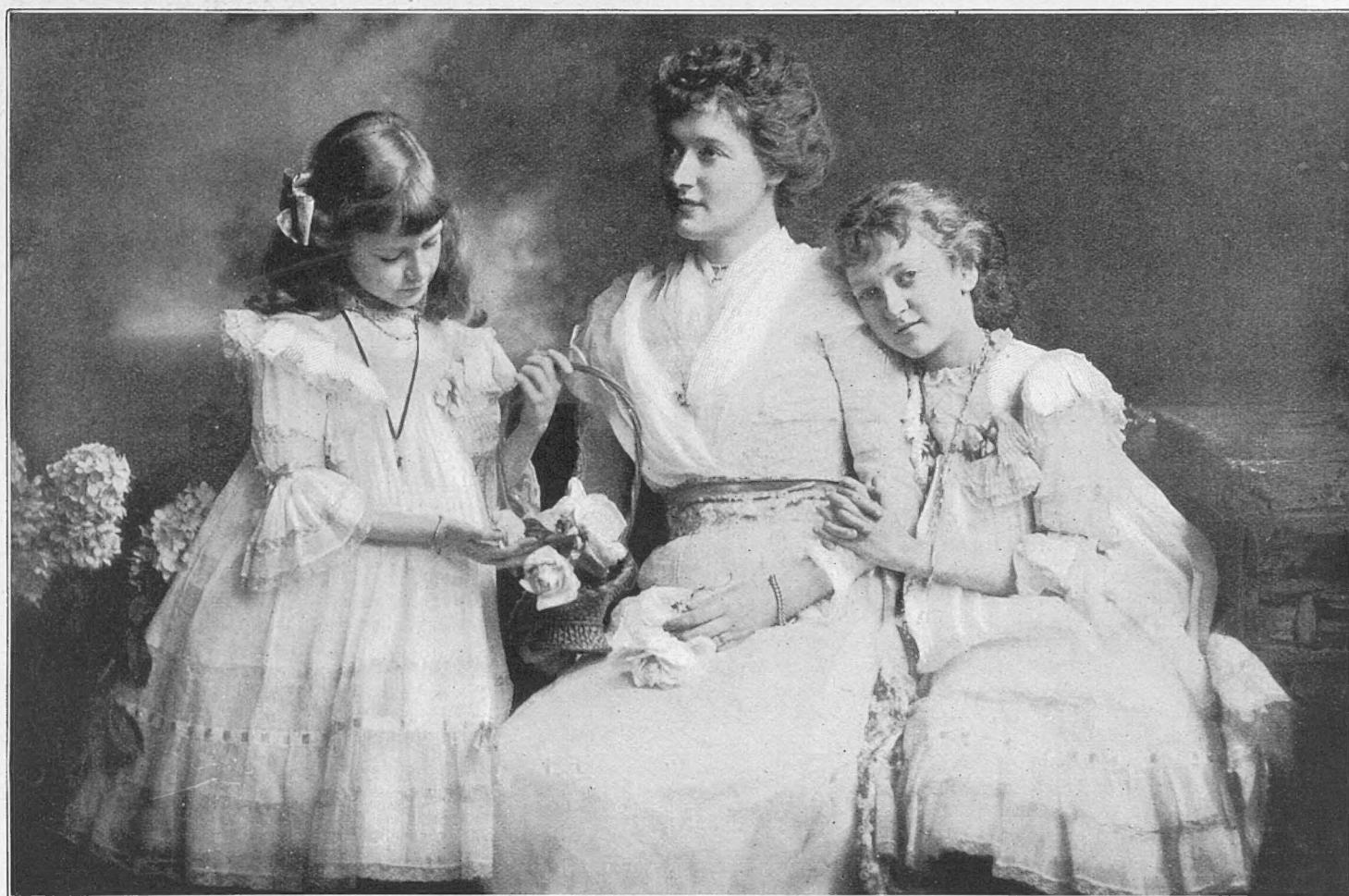
Margery Maude, the eldest—four years older than sister Pamela—is quite a little mother to that sister, and also to brother John, who is at present in his tender months. Margery and Pamela are inseparable, and if they can only discover a book which they can mutually enjoy, you will find them poring over that volume for hours together. By way of variation to these literary studies, Madge and Pam will ever and anon play at "grown-up ladies," having much shopping, driving, afternoon calls, &c., upon their respective minds. When it comes to meeting Real Live "Company," these two "inseparables" at once show how totally unlike they are in temperament. Margery at once comports herself

Will Edinburgh have Another International Exhibition?

It has been suggested, stimulated no doubt by the great success of the Glasgow Exhibition, that Edinburgh should have an International Exhibition about 1904 or 1905. A meeting will be held shortly to test public feeling on the question.

Meantime, business-men who have expressed themselves say that everything will depend on the site and easy accessibility for the public. The first International Exhibition of 1886 in the West Meadows was a success because it was easily reached; the second, at Colinton Road, was a loss to the guarantors. It has been suggested that East and West Princes Street Gardens would be an ideal site could they be secured. All this is premature, of course, until it has been decided that Edinburgh is to have an Exhibition.

The Memorial to Lord Armstrong. The Earl of Northumberland's motion, that in memory of the late Lord Armstrong a statue should be erected in some open thoroughfare, and that the buildings of the Durham College of Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne, should be completed, was carried at a recent meeting. Lord Armstrong cannot possibly be forgotten by dwellers on Tyneside as the founder, along with Mr. Cruddas, of the Elswick Works, the largest industrial concern in the North Country; but it is desirable that public interest and gratitude for



MRS. CYRIL MAUDE (MISS WINIFRED EMERY) AND HER DAUGHTERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON AND DUBLIN.

towards company quite like a little woman-of-the-world, speaking to strangers in a perfectly composed and agreeable manner. Pamela, on the other hand, is at first very "stand-offish" in this regard. She seems, as it were, to want to see if she likes you before she will enter into conversation with you. When her reserve has worn off, however, Pamela is every whit as fascinating as Margery, and *vice versa*. You will, doubtless, not be surprised to learn that the pet pastime of the Misses Maude is to go to the play. Nothing delights them so much as playgoing—especially to see Papa and Mamma act. Needless to say, Papa and Mamma are just as delighted to see these little "kind friends in front" watching them, albeit their respective juvenile criticisms are at times somewhat disconcerting to the parents.

But what of John, Mr. and Mrs. Maude's new baby and First Boy? Well, as to this buxom baby (quite a show baby, let me tell you), named after his mother's grandfather, the great actor, John Emery, who was wont to terrify audiences by his intensity, that infant is, his proud parents assure me, the best baby ever born! And, of course, they know. I must say that this sturdy Jack Maude certainly bears out the description by his personal appearance. As for Margery and Pamela, they simply worship Brother John Cyril, who is so happy and so healthy that it is easy to see that he, like his parents, has never been soured by any attacks of that insidious complaint, Ibsenitis. Long may John Cyril be saved from all such malignant diseases, say I!

what he has done should assume a tangible form, and the £20,000 collected will enable this to be done.

Miss Carnegie. It is reported that the cottage erected in Chauncey, in Westchester County, United States, by Dr. Andrew Carnegie for his ten-year-old daughter, Margaret, the reputed heiress to £20,000,000, is nearing completion. Some of the mediaeval furnishings from Skibo Castle, Sutherlandshire, have been imported for its adornment, and it will, when finished, be a summer residence for the Carnegies. Mrs. Carnegie has been her own architect. Meanwhile, Dr. Carnegie continues to stimulate local charities, builders, and architects in many towns of Scotland by cheques for Free Library buildings and organs.

Lighting of Windsor Castle. In addition to other extensive alterations which have been and are being made at Windsor Castle by command of His Majesty, the lighting arrangements are also being brought up to date. Some little time before the death of Queen Victoria, the electric-light was introduced into certain parts of the historic Castle, and the result has been so satisfactory that a large staff of electrical experts is now engaged in "wiring" the State rooms, private apartments, and kitchens. Indeed, the local Electrical Company entrusted with the work has had to lay down extensive additional plant and an extra-large cable to supply the demand. Soon Windsor Castle will be among the best-lighted buildings in the kingdom.

An Interesting Appointment.

in Irish Society, for it means that His Royal Highness and the Duchess will be compelled to spend most of their time on the other side of St. George's Channel. According to those who know him really well, the Duke—who is, it will be remembered, the great Duke of Wellington's godson and namesake—is a really enthusiastic soldier; it was a bitter disappointment to him that the late Sovereign refused to allow him to go out to South Africa on the outbreak of hostilities. But he has already seen some active service. He was in command of the First Brigade during the Egyptian War of 1883, and fought at Tel-el-Kebir. During the last seventeen months His Royal Highness has commanded the troops in Ireland, and he and the Duchess—herself a daughter of one of Prussia's greatest Generals, the famous "Red Prince"—have made themselves well liked in every section of Dublin Society. Of the Duke's three children, his only son has followed in his father's footsteps, and is now a promising young officer. The engagement of the elder of the two Princesses to the Cesarewitch has been often rumoured, but never confirmed.

The Duke and Duchess of Wellington.

Strathfieldsaye, the estate presented to the "Iron Duke" by the nation, is not held much in favour by the present owner of the title, who prefers a place called Ewhurst Lodge, near Basingstoke. The fact is that Strathfieldsaye is an unprofitable inheritance and expensive to maintain. The Roman remains on the property scarcely compensate for the poorness of the soil. The shooting is, however, not to be despised, and brings in a moderate rental. The Duke, who is an old Etonian—he boarded at the Rev. Wharton Marriot's—is a soldier of repute, and it is possible that he will be offered a Governorship of one of the Colonies. The Duchess, who was born Miss Kathleen Bulkeley-Williams, is one of the most charming great ladies who do not go beyond their own circle. The children take after the fine example of their parents. It must be remembered that to the good-nature of the Duke the opening of Apsley House, with its splendid historic relics, to the public is entirely due. His Grace did this gracious act of his own accord.

The late Lieutenant Gurdon-Rebow. The Guards' Chapel has, unfortunately, been the scene during the War of many Memorial Services for officers of the Household Brigade killed at "the Front." Scarcely had the echoes of that for poor Colonel Vandeleur died away than the Chapel was again filled with relatives and friends of the gallant young Lieutenant Martin Gurdon-Rebow, who was killed in the patrol engagement near Reit Siding. Son of Mr. Gurdon-Rebow, of Wyvenhoe, Essex, the brave young officer was but twenty-six, and joined the premier Guards regiment from the Hampshire Militia only a little over four years ago. He took part soon after in the Khartoum Expedition, and went to South Africa with his battalion at the beginning of the War. After serving through the earlier actions of the campaign, and being slightly wounded in the relief of the "Diamond City," it was his unfortunate fate to be killed in an obscure little patrol engagement, in which he was shot at point-blank range on refusing to surrender. General Sir Henry Trotter, an old Grenadier, attended the Memorial Service last week.

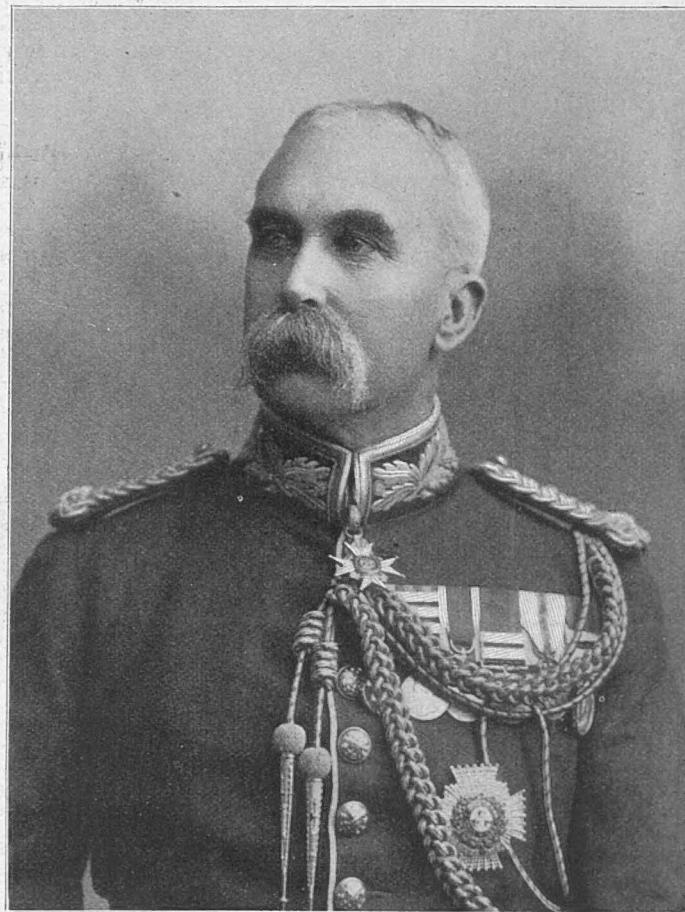


Iris (Miss Fay Davis). Lawrence Trenwith (Mr. Charles Bryant).

A SCENE FROM "IRIS," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE: ACT II.—THE VILLA PRIGNO, AT CABENABBIA, ON THE LAKE OF COMO.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Wulery, Baker Street, W.

Sir Alfred Gaselee. I have much pleasure in publishing herewith an excellent portrait of Major-General Sir Alfred Gaselee, K.C.B., A.D.C., whose success as commander of the British-Indian troops in the arduous operations in China, when but little glory was to be gained, must be fresh in the memory of *Sketch* readers.



LATEST AND BEST PHOTO OF MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALFRED GASELEE,
WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM CHINA.

Taken by Bourne and Shepherd, Simla.

Sir Alfred began his career in the famous 93rd Highlanders ("The Thin Red Line") in 1863, before he had attained his nineteenth year, and was transferred to the Bengal Staff Corps some four years later. Since then he has greatly distinguished himself in various important positions, his list of campaigns and expeditions—including the Afghan War of 1879-80—amounting to half-a-score, and his "mentions" and decorations being almost as numerous. Among his distinctions it may be noted that he was appointed "A.D.C." to Her late Majesty in 1893. He has now come to England for a period of rest before returning to India to take up an important command. Not the least notable feature of Sir Alfred's character is his tact, which stood him in good stead in his operations with the Allied Forces in the Far East.

Romantic Marriage The Countess of Portarlington, widow of the late Earl who died last year, and the Hon. Henry Berkeley Portman, second son of Viscount Portman, were married quietly at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, early in the morning of Wednesday last (the 25th ult.). The marriage is a most romantic one, as, twenty years ago, Mr. Portman, who was then just of age, was an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of the beautiful Miss Emma Kennedy (Lord Nigel Kennedy's daughter). She married, in 1881, the fifth Earl of Portarlington, and now, after twenty years' patient waiting, Mr. Portman has married his early love. The Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal (Dr. Sheppard) tied the nuptial knot, and Mr. Hope-Vere, Lady Portarlington's cousin, gave her away. She was married in her travelling-dress of fine grey cloth trimmed with guipure lace, and a smart grey chiffon and velvet toque trimmed with a white aigrette. She was attended by her eldest daughter, Lady Aline Dawson-Damer, who wore a frock of bright-scarlet cloth trimmed with narrow black-and-white bands, and a black-and-white chiffon hat adorned with Paradise plumes. Mr. W. Bailward acted as groomsman. A few relations and friends only were present in the church, and subsequently Mr. Portman and his bride left for a short honeymoon tour. The presents numbered upwards of two hundred and were of a costly description.

"Sherlock Holmes" Triumphs Again

Despite the pessimistic utterances of some quite too - superior critics, "Sherlock Holmes" is doing big business at the Lyceum, and has developed into a genuine success. That this was likely to be the case was evident to the level-headed section of the first-night audience who were able to recognise the melodramatic strength of the individual scenes, more particularly the gas-chamber scene, of which I give a photo on this page. Miss Maude Fealy, Mr. William Gillette, and our own "Bill" Abingdon have settled down thoroughly at the Lyceum, and the other members of the cast are all clever and honest workers.

The German Crown Prince.

It must be indeed a treat for all the chief members of the Royal Family to sometimes go about incognito. No one appreciates strict incognito more than the Crown Prince of Germany. Lately he spent a most enjoyable holiday in Holland (writes my Berlin Correspondent). While there, for a great part of the time none of the inhabitants were aware who was in their midst. On one occasion the Prince went to a fruit-stall in the market, having heard the owner of the stall shouting out, "De laatste mooie pruimen; twintig boor een dubbeltje" ("The last beautiful plums; twenty for ten cents"). He shoved his way like everyone else, returning with a will the elbow-thrusts of all around, and seemed to heartily enjoy himself. It must not be supposed, however, that he was in reality alone. The whole time he was followed by an old fruit-woman, who was no other person than the Chief Inspector of the Secret Service, Inspector Batelt, who never let his precious charge out of sight for an instant, and who had donned so clever a disguise that even one of the Royal household presented him with a penny, thinking the "old woman" was a beggar.

While at the Duisburg Station the Prince noticed some little urchins poring over their lesson-books, evidently looking up their lessons before going to school. He called them to him, talked to them, and then inspected their copy-books, finally writing in one of them: "Seen with great interest during my quarter-of-an-hour's stay



MISS MAUDE FEALY, WHO PLAYS ALICE FAULKNER IN "SHERLOCK HOLMES."

Photo by Esmé Collings, Bond Street, W.

at Duisburg.—William, Crown Prince." The Crown Prince is very popular amongst his fellow-soldiers during the Manœuvres. He works as hard as anyone; cooks his own food, cleans his uniform, and acts in every way like a simple private soldier, gaining, wherever he goes, the hearts of the German people.

The Berlin Chief Burgomaster.

Poor Herr Kirschner, the Chief Burgomaster of Berlin, is at present very sorrowful, because the Emperor has refused to further discuss with him a subject very near to the heart of the Burgomaster and the citizens of Berlin alike. The Emperor is very proud of the chief street, Unter den Linden, and for this reason will not allow the City of Berlin to intersect it any more with new tram-lines. Some time ago, the subject was properly discussed, and the Emperor said, in his characteristic manner, "Under, if you like, but not over"—meaning that, if the Berliners liked, they might make a tunnel underneath this splendid street, but that he would not have it further disfigured by noisy trams crossing it. Herr Kirschner, however, thought His Majesty would be amenable to importunity, and, therefore, petitioned for another interview on the subject. This was refused. The Oberbürgermeister, for some reason best known to himself, imagined that this refusal was given only because His Majesty was extraordinarily busy preparing for the Manœuvres, and, therefore, he again petitioned for an audience.

The high civic functionary is now very wrathful at being peremptorily refused access to His Majesty, and the rancour of his fellow-citizens is by no means lessened by the fact that Herr von Windheim, the President of Police, is always admitted to His Majesty's presence whenever there is anything important to report to the Kaiser.

The Anglo-American Club of Berlin.

The Anglo-American Club in Berlin held a special meeting last week (continues my Berlin Correspondent), under the presidency of the Rev. J. H. Fry, M.A., the Vice-President, Consul-General Mason, United States, being present, in order to draw up a message of sympathy to Mrs. McKinley. The message was, of course, unanimously passed, and



James Larrabee (Mr. Ralph Delmore).

Sherlock Holmes (Mr. William Gillette). Alice Faulkner (Miss Maude Fealy). Two of Moriarty's hired Assassins.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES," AT THE LYCEUM: THE GREAT SCENE IN THE GAS-CHAMBER AT STEPNEY. HOLMES, THOUGH TRAPPED AND SURROUNDED, SAVES BOTH ALICE FAULKNER AND HIMSELF.

From a Photograph by Byron, New York.

has been forwarded by Mr. Mason to America. The Anglo-American Club, which has now been in existence in its present form for nigh upon two years, is very much appreciated by English and American residents in Berlin, who are thus able to carry on with true British zest the sports



MRS. MAESMORE MORRIS, THE BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIAN ACTRESS WHO PLAYS MISS PINSENT IN "IRIS," AT THE GARRICK.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

so dear to Englishmen and Americans alike, but which are so hard to pursue in a foreign country without a Club to form a centre.

There are upwards of a hundred members already. The Club possesses first-class tennis-grounds, and plays hockey regularly all the winter through. During the winter months, too, several dances are held in the Club-rooms, at Kantstrasse 11, at which address the Hon. Secretary will be pleased to receive any letters of inquiry about the Club from any Englishmen or Americans who are thinking of coming to Berlin and desire to become members.

Mrs. Maesmore Morris. Mrs. Maesmore Morris has only a small part in "Iris," at the Garrick, but she does what she has to do with her usual taste and cleverness. Mrs. Morris, who hails from the patriotic land of Australia, is one of the most beautiful actresses on the London stage. I shall hope to see her in a more important part before long.

The Ladies at the Fête. It goes without saying that the ladies of the French Government who had the honour of meeting the Czarina were gowned in a manner of which Paris alone has the secret. The Rue de la Paix was turned inside-out. Madame Loubet had reception-robés of gold brocade, of embroidery, of priceless lace, all marvels; while the gowns of Madame Paul Deschanel embodied fashion's latest kinks. The Empress's dress presented a great contrast. She is, of course, in mourning for her grandmother, Queen Victoria, and her dress is very simple. But this is not all; her dress is personal—they say she has it made in her Palace, and, though it suits her divinely, its cut would be considered quite out-of-fashion in the Rue de la Paix. Each could frankly admire the other, and all was good-humour and charm.

A Famous Farceur Dead. It is announced that Tournadre is dead. He was about the most eccentric man that ever lived, one day preaching the wildest anarchy, and the next going in for huge practical jokes. Bertrand, the Procureur-Général, was down at Vichy on one occasion, and Tournadre, who was without a sou, asked him for five louis. The sheer audacity of a beggar he had never seen before took away Bertrand's breath, and he gave him a handsome dole. Tournadre rushed back to his hotel and demanded his bill, declaring that he would never stop in a house where Anarchists were harboured. The hotel-keeper was bewildered. "Yes," said the *farceur*, "that dangerous Anarchist Tournadre is here, stopping under the name of Bertrand." The scene when the estimable Procureur arrived and was thrown out can be well imagined. On another occasion he hired a diligence

about a hundred years old, and was driven to the Académie by the famous Maxime Lisbonne. Both of them persisted in entering the Academy and congratulating the Immortal Forty on having elected them as members. When he had nothing else to do, he would ring up Senators, Deputies, and officers, and order them to immediately repair to the Elysée, as the President wished to see them. From a local wine-shop he chaffed one after another as they left, crestfallen.

The Attack on Rostand.

I am afraid that the violent attack made on Rostand on account of his verses of welcome that were recited by Madame Bartet at Compiègne will have a serious effect on his shattered health. Certainly the idea of mahogany chairs squeaking with joy when the Czarina sat on them, and the carpets talking to one another when she walked on them, was Gilbertian; but I have heard worse. Much mystery exists as to Sarah Bernhardt's refusal to recite them. Here is the reason, and I get it from a sure source. When Sarah mapped out a Russian town, it was quietly notified that the Russian Court would be embarrassed if she played "L'Aiglon," on account of its Bonapartist tendencies. As this was her trump-card, she felt very bitter.

A Second "Pink Dominoes."

After a long spell of ill-luck, broken only by the frequent revival of "Charley's Aunt," the Cluny has secured a colossal success with "Le Fils Surnaturel." The hilarity was so great on the first-night that the performers joined in, and the play had frequently to be stopped for want of breath. If you can imagine an apparently highly virtuous married man explaining to his wife that his frequent visits to Paris and his heavy expenditure are due to his paternal regard for a son of a past marriage, and that a lady sitting on his knee in a photograph is his daughter, and if all the lot turn up and don't know from Adam the old gentleman's lies to cover his indiscretions, it is easy to imagine the wild French hurly-burly that follows.

Czar and Camelot. The street-hawkers of Paris are very bitter over the abstention of the Czar from visiting the Capital. Songs had been written, pictures of an emblematic character produced, but all fell flat. Their loss was enormous. So says Napoleon Hayard, the King of the Camelots, who has at his disposition one of the most remarkable armies in existence. When Boulanger was at his apotheosis, he supplied the General with scores of men, who followed him all over France and sang Boulangist songs at every street-corner.

Miss Phyllis Broughton.

Miss Phyllis Broughton's many admirers must not omit to see her—if they have not already done so—in the merry "H.M.S. Irresponsible," at the Globe. She is as graceful and charming as ever, and that is saying a good deal, isn't it?



MISS PHYLLIS BROUGHTON, NOW PLAYING IN "H.M.S. IRRESPONSIBLE."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE MOTHER OF LITTLE MISS FORBES-ROBERTSON.

For the second week in succession *The Sketch* gives a portrait of a popular actress who has just become a happy mother. Last week it was Miss Millard, and this week it is Miss Gertrude Elliott, wife of Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson, who has presented her husband with a

though still well in her teens, of "playing lead" in the company of the proud father. All playgoers will rejoice in this new happiness of Mr. Forbes-Robertson, for many years firmly established as one of the most universally admired actors, and of the young lady whose beauty



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT (MRS. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON), WHO, EMULATING THE EXAMPLE OF HER ILLUSTRIOUS SISTER IN ART,
MISS EVELYN MILLARD (MRS. ROBERT COULTER), HAS JUST PRESENTED HER DISTINGUISHED HUSBAND WITH A BABY-GIRL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FELLOWS WILLSON, NEW BOND STREET, W.

daughter. Miss Gertrude Elliott—it seems but yesterday that she made her first appearance in London in the company of her brother-in-law, Mr. Nat Goodwin, and sister, Miss Maxine Elliott—will be able to introduce her daughter to a very distinguished theatrical family, and, amongst them, to her cousin, the talented, pretty Miss Beatrice Robertson, who, owing in part to the little stranger, has had the honour,

and talent caused her very quickly to win the hearts of our English theatre-goers. *The Sketch* sincerely hopes that in a very short time Miss Elliott will be able to return to her mission of giving pleasure to the public, and, indeed, under the tender care of her sister, at whose beautiful home in Kent the happy event occurred, she will, no doubt, have every possible chance of swift recovery.



LETTERS TO DOLLIE—WITH FOREIGN POSTMARKS.

IV.

To St. Petersburg—My Passport—Droskis and Droski-Drivers—A Mad Career in a Landau—Another Adventure—I Leave the Hotel with Some Ceremony—Honeymoon Plans Up-to-Date.

THE next time that you come to tea with me, dear Dollie, in my little nest among the stars, I shall show you my passport. It is a crinkly old thing, with a lot of stamps on it and a full list of the titles of his Grace the Marquess of Lansdowne. In the meantime, however, as I know you will be all impatience to learn the contents of the document, here is some of the reading matter on it: "We . . . (titles as aforesaid) . . . His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Request and Require in the Name of His Majesty, all those whom it may concern to allow Mr. 'Chicot,' a British Subject travelling to Russia, to pass freely without let or hindrance, and to afford him every assistance and protection of which he may stand in need." Then there is a sixpenny stamp—which I paid for—and a cunning little picture of two snorting horses, tricked out with wings, prancing on that excellent motto, *Virtute non verbis*.

On the back of the paper there are enough stamps to keep a decently temperate man in lemonade for the rest of his natural days. They are of all sorts of shapes, sizes, and values, and just stuck on anyhow. These foreign officials, you know—I say so at the risk of getting this beautiful page blacked out in Russia—carry an incredible amount of "side." I don't know why they should, except for the fact that they can hang things on the ends of their moustachios. However, they do, and they seek to impress the foreigner by making him pay for expensive stamps and then slamming them on to the back of his passport. I should have steamed mine off and bought cigars with them if they hadn't been spoilt with ink-marks and things.

But a truce to this grumbling. I have had my say, and, for the future, the Russian Government may, so far as I am concerned, go in peace. We will now pass on to the consideration of St. Petersburg, the Capital of Russia.

My St. Petersburg consists of the Nevsky Prospect, a church or two, an expensive, enormous, and not very good hotel, several indifferent restaurants, and a place of entertainment rather like Earl's Court, only less so. I admit, of course, that I visited the city at the wrong time of year. The Town Council do not lay themselves out to catch the summer visitor. There is no cheap trip organised by the Government; the streets are not hung with dusty bunting or moth-eaten flags. But the place is remarkable for one thing—it is as expensive in the "off" season as in the winter and early summer.

You ask me—how do I know that? I answer that it could not possibly be dearer than when I visited there, and that was in the "off" season. It is possible, I admit, that they sighted my approach from Kronstadt and wired on the news to the Capital. But, even then, they would scarcely have had time to re-label the articles in the shop-windows and double the prices in the wine-lists.

I think you would be amused, Dollie dear, with the droski-drivers. They all wear beards, felt hats like squashed-out cotton-reels, and blue dressing-gowns gathered in at the waist with a sash. Their chief delight is to make themselves look as fat as possible. The fatter they are, the more money they want, and the drivers of private droskis are so fat that I believe they have to have their legs weighted to keep them on the box at all. It is quite the thing in St. Petersburg to have an impossibly fat driver, and the very smart people emphasise his stoutness by strapping a carriage-cloak on to his back.

In spite of their size, however, they are wonderful whips. I shall never forget the career that I took one afternoon. Just by way of doing

the thing in style—I had to live up to my passport, you know—I chartered a landau and a couple of thoroughbred steeds. No sooner had I taken my seat than we sprang away from the front of the hotel with a swirl and a flourish, swept round the corner on two wheels, and dashed into the Nevsky Prospect at a headlong pace that was never even dreamt of in the days of John Gilpin. The horses foamed at the mouth, ground their teeth, and showed the whites of their eyes like a Caton Woodville picture; the driver puffed himself out, waved his whip, and emitted horrible cries from the back of his throat; and I, the poor Jester, shut my eyes, clung to my seat, and wondered what this sinful world would look like through the strings of a harp.

Suddenly we pulled up with a terrific jerk that threw me on to the floor of the trap, and I found that I was expected to get out and look at a Cathedral. Nothing loth, I staggered, with trembling knees, into the building, and would have stayed there until the setting of the sun had I not remembered that I was paying for the drive at the rate of Heaven-knows-how-many roubles an hour. Out I came, therefore, and we continued our mad plunge through the streets of St. Petersburg, swaying, gurgling, champing, and quaking. I am inclined to believe, now I come to think it over, that my driver was doing himself uncommonly proud, for even the natives stopped to look back at us and the other drivers cleared out of the way in a most respectful hurry.

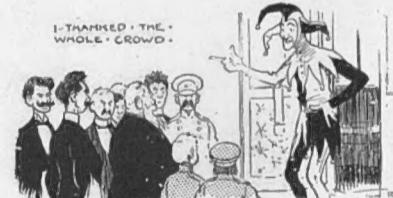
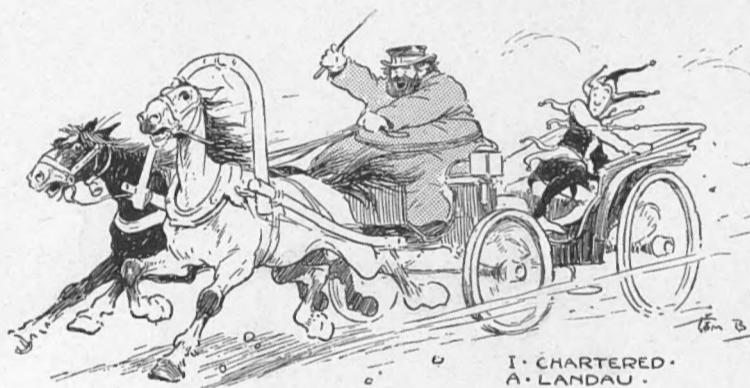
Talking of droskis, I mustn't forget to tell you of an interesting episode that occurred to me one evening after dinner. Don't get excited; it's only a little bit of useful instruction. I was walking along the pavement, intending to ask my way to the Earl's Court kind of place, that I mentioned before, when a driver hurried his vehicle across the road to me and solicited my patronage in unintelligible language but a most emphatic manner. Affecting to take no notice of the fellow, I continued my stroll, he following in his creaking curricle. (I should mention that he was a very thin driver, and, therefore, quite beneath my notice as an experienced tourist.) Presently, another crawling droski sighted us and joined in the unequal contest; then another, and one more, and yet another, until, at last, the street was nearly filled with droskis of every size and sort, whose drivers stood up in their places and shouted offers at me until the thoroughfare resounded with the din. Finally, I was obliged to jump into the nearest carriage and make a dash for freedom and safety. You will agree with me, I think, that even our own hansom-cab drivers are not so persistently aggressive.

The fact of the matter is that, for the few very wealthy people in St. Petersburg, there are countless numbers of paupers who have to make a living by preying upon the innocent and unwary visitor. I noticed it in the hotel. When I arrived, there were three porters in the hall, seven waiters, and about twenty page-boys in buttons.

A distinct pause occurred, however, before anyone came forward and offered to relieve me of my bag, and then a tiny little fellow was sent for who could hardly have been out of frocks when my boat left Stockholm. On leaving the hotel, though, all this apathy disappeared. It was as though these numberless attendants were figures in an automatic machine, and somebody had put a penny in the slot just as I stepped out of the lift. I was delighted with the amount of polite attention that was showered upon me. One noble fellow, with the bearing of a Count, and soft, white hands that showed their master's scorn for menial labour, insisted on marching before me and indicating the door of the hotel 'bus. Of course, I could have found the door of the 'bus for myself, but it was kind of him all the same. Other two of these patrician servitors laid stately hold of my bag and, between them, escorted it into the street and handed it over to the driver. Four splendidly bedizened lackeys sprang into position on either side of the front-door; half-a-dozen page-boys wrestled for the honour of bearing my coat as far as the pavement; even the hall-porters closed their heels, smiled graciously, and bowed low.

I was affected, I own it, by this so great display of kindness, and, mounted on the step of the 'bus, I thanked the whole crowd in an earnest little speech that was occasionally interrupted by something like a sob that rose in my throat. Then I looked round for the tiny boy who had relieved me of my bag on the day of my arrival. At first, he was nowhere to be seen, but, in the end, I discovered him tightly wedged into a cosy place between the wall of the hotel and the head-waiter's back. After rewarding him as he deserved, I raised my hat politely to his colleagues and drove away in a state of exaltation.

P.S.—I shall not spend my honeymoon at St. Petersburg.



Chicot

OCT. 2, 1901

THE SKETCH.

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MISS KITTY GORDON,
WHO PLAYS OLIVIA AND UNDERSTUDIES MISS EVIE GREENE IN "KITTY GREY," AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS IN THE DOMINION.

THEIR Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York have met with the most enthusiastically loyal and cordial reception at every point where they have stopped in the course of their tour through the Dominion. Nothing else was to be expected from the Canadians, whether of British or French extraction.

QUEBEC HAS NOT BEEN LESS LOYAL THAN MANITOBA or British Columbia; she did not, perhaps, cheer them with the whole-lunged ardour which they experienced in the "wild-and-woody West," but her greeting of them, if somewhat less demonstrative, has been as sincere and as unmistakable. Devotion to the British Crown and the British Empire has been the one note which has characterised all the greetings the Duke and Duchess have received.

During the present week, their Royal Highnesses will reach the furthest bounds of the Dominion. To-day, if nothing occurs to interfere with their programme, they will begin their return journey. Yesterday, at Victoria, on Vancouver's Island, they were "due" to arrive at the most western city of the Empire. And here, or, at least, at Esquimalt, which is but a step from Victoria, the Duke would feel himself particularly at home, for it is the headquarters of the North Pacific Fleet, and in the Admiral commanding he would meet with an old friend.

To-morrow they are timed to be back again in Vancouver, the terminal city on the Pacific of

THAT GREAT IMPERIAL HIGHWAY, THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. And it is to the very competent care of this railway and its officials that their Royal Highnesses again commit themselves for their journey eastward to "Old Canada" again, on their way, at last, after many months of travel in so many quarters of the globe, to

ENGLAND AND HOME.

After leaving Vancouver, the Duke and Duchess will retrace their steps, so to speak, for a little matter of two or three thousand miles. They will, doubtless, be quite delighted to do so, for they will thus be afforded a second opportunity of seeing the magnificent scenery of the Rocky Mountains and of renewing the impressions of their unsurpassable grandeur and majesty. They will also behold again—a sight which, in its own way, is scarcely less remarkable—the great prairies of the "Fertile Belt"; that is, Manitoba and the adjacent Territories.

On Thursday of next week (Oct. 10), their Royal Highnesses will have left behind them "New Canada," and will then make a short sojourn at Toronto, a city which is, in many respects,

THE REAL CAPITAL OF CANADA.

I have often thought Toronto the most English amongst the Colonial cities of the Empire. Certainly, it will be acknowledged on all hands that it is the centre of the intellectual life of the country, and also that, from the commercial point of view, it is hardly, if at all, inferior to Montreal. Here the Duke and Duchess will be the guests of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. On the 11th they will be present at a great review of Canadian soldiers (some of them veterans from South Africa), which will be held in the fine and spacious Exhibition Grounds on the shores of Lake Ontario. Of course, their Royal Highnesses will be capped and robed in Academic gowns of splendour by the University of Toronto—whose handsome buildings they cannot but admire.

From Toronto they, very naturally, go on to Niagara, where they will see the Falls and all the wonders of the Niagara River. There, for the first time in their journey,

THEY WILL BE WITHIN SIGHT OF THE UNITED STATES—

or rather, a very tiny bit of one of the States. After "taking in" the Falls, they will pay short visits to the more important towns of Western Ontario, such as Hamilton, beautifully situated on Burlington Bay, London (by-the-bye, this London always has the contraction "Ont." tacked on to it to distinguish it from the other London—"London, Eng."), St. Thomas, Chatham, &c. All this portion of Canada is like one fair garden, but, as their Royal Highnesses will see it in the "fall," they will not see it at its best.

On the 15th, the Royal party will arrive at Kingston, and thence, if the weather is favourable, they will proceed by steamer to explore that picturesque and beautiful portion of the St. Lawrence known as

"THE THOUSAND ISLANDS."

I think it was Lord Dufferin who, with his habitual felicity of expression, called it a "lacustrine paradise," for the great river is here like a vast lake covered with islands. On the evening of the same day, the Duke and Duchess go on to Brockville, and on the next day arrive at Sherbrooke, the chief place in that part of Quebec known as the "Eastern Townships." Here they will be but a short distance from the home of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and a visit to the residence of the Canadian Premier would be a well-deserved compliment.

From Sherbrooke the Duke and Duchess will travel northward to the Intercolonial Railway, and strike the Atlantic once more at St. John, New Brunswick, where they will arrive on Oct. 17. On the 19th, their

GREAT ITINERARY CONCLUDES AT HALIFAX,

Nova Scotia, where, doubtless, that loyal outpost of the Empire will give them a tremendous reception. On the 21st, they embark for the last time, so far as this present tour is concerned, on the *Ophir*, and by Nov. 1 that good ship is expected to reach Portsmouth, when the nation will unanimously congratulate their Royal Highnesses on their safe return to these shores.

ROBERT MACHRAY.

THE COURT AT BALMORAL.

A RAPTUROUS WELCOME.

TO say that the arrival of the Court on Deeside has been welcomed by Aberdeenshire with rapture is no exaggeration. Last winter, after the sad event which plunged the Empire in mourning, all sorts of rumours were current as to who would become owner of Balmoral; it was even suggested that Queen Victoria had left her Highland property to the Duke of Connaught. Soon, however, it became known that Balmoral was to pass with the Crown, and then the more pessimistic of Deeside folk recalled the fact that for many years past the new Sovereign and his Consort had not cared to own a single rood of Scottish ground, and it was whispered that Balmoral would be dismantled and closed. Now, it is quite clear that King Edward and Queen Alexandra intend in this matter, as in so many others, to follow strictly in the late Sovereign's footsteps, and Deeside has become once again a Royal centre of social life.

THE INTERIOR OF BALMORAL.

A great deal of nonsense has been written concerning the interior of Balmoral Castle. Far from being cramped or uncomfortable, as has been so frequently asserted, the various suites of rooms are very fine and well-proportioned. They cannot, of course, compare in grandeur with those of Windsor or Buckingham Palace, and there is not very much accommodation for visitors; but when the late Sovereign settled to have a Highland residence, she was anxious that it should be a home in a very real sense, and accordingly the Castle was designed only to accommodate the Royal Family and those members of the Court whose presence is absolutely indispensable. The apartments now occupied by their Majesties are exceedingly charming, and overlook a lovely lawn studded with fine trees, while in the further distance rise the great heather-clad hills—or rather, mountains—which give such a unique charm to the place. The largest room in Balmoral is the fine Ball-room, where many notable gatherings have taken place, and where also more than once London theatrical companies have performed their dramatic masterpieces before the assembled Court. Private theatricals also often took place in this fine room during the brief years of Princess Beatrice's happy married life.

THE KING'S DEESIDE NEIGHBOURS.

During many years past, Deeside has become in one sense "the hub of the Universe," and each autumn sees the historic estates which are a charming feature of that portion of the Highlands let and occupied by all the smartest and most noted people in Society; while Royalty is further represented by the Duke and Duchess of Fife, whose delightful place, Mar Lodge, where the Grand Duke Michael is now staying, is one of the most hospitable centres in Scotland. Glen Muick House, where the King, as Prince of Wales, so often stayed with Lord Glenesk, is a splendid-looking mansion; it has long been occupied by the proprietor of the *Morning Post*, who, notwithstanding his age, is just as keen a sportsman as is his son, Mr. Oliver Borthwick.

RUSSIA ON DEESIDE.

Prince and Princess Dolgorouki are also among the King's near neighbours. Some time ago, they took Old Mar Castle, a singularly picturesque and interesting Highland historic residence about half-a-mile below Braemar, and which is said to date from the fourteenth century. The Princess has made the interior very comfortable as well as picturesque, and there she and the Prince keep up semi-royal state. It will be remembered that Princess Dolgorouki was, before her marriage, Miss Fleetwood Wilson, one of the wealthiest and most popular spinsters in London Society. While in Russia this summer the Prince and Princess let Old Mar Castle to Lady Curzon of Kedleston.

ANOTHER ROYAL RESIDENCE.

Abergeldie now belongs to the King. As Prince and Princess of Wales, their Majesties spent there the autumns following their marriage, and they are both very fond of this picturesque old Castle, which was originally acquired by Queen Victoria in order that it might become the Highland residence of her mother, the Duchess of Kent. Abergeldie is another example of the old Scottish baronial style; it is some three miles from Balmoral, and is always occupied by some close friend or relatives of the Sovereign. At present, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are expected there. Birkhall, which has been sometimes lent to the Empress Eugénie, is also included in the Royal estate.

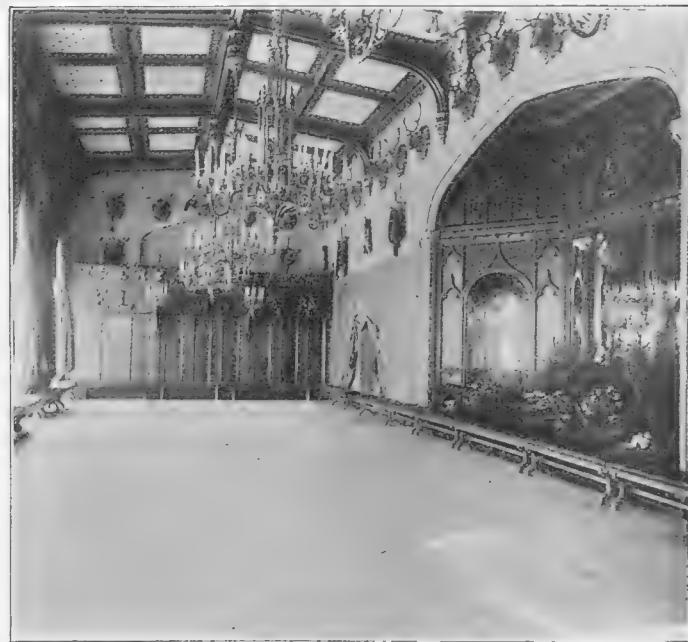
THE MEETING-HOUSE.

The one place where Society on Deeside meets at least once a week is the now famous Crathie Church, a lovely little building of white granite, in the erection of which the late Sovereign took so personal an interest. King Edward, the Duke of Fife, Mr. Farquharson of Invercauld, and Sir Robert Gordon are the heirs of Crathie Parish, and they all, with the exception of the Sovereign, have pews assigned to them in a certain portion of the church, the Royal Gallery being now entered by a private door. Although Crathie Church is a comparatively new building, it is already full of memories for King Edward and Queen Alexandra. The beautiful stained-glass window of three panels placed in the south transept was the gift of the late Sovereign, and contains the names of those of her children and children-in-law who had passed away at the time it was put up, in 1895. The baptismal font was given by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the pulpit was presented by the Royal Household, and the four bells were the joint gift of Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice.

THE KING ON DEESIDE: HIS HOME AND HIS NEIGHBOURS.

From Photographs by Milne, Ballater.

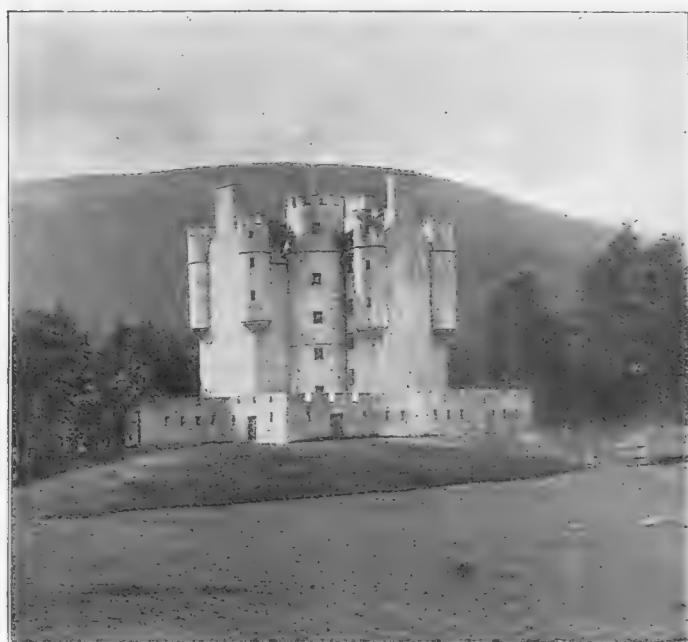
BALMORAL CASTLE, THE KING'S RESIDENCE ON DEESIDE.



THE BALL-ROOM, BALMORAL.



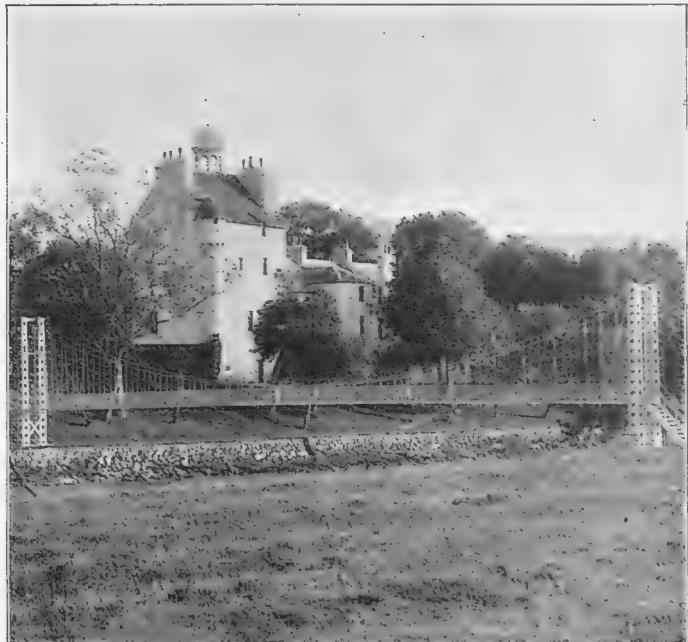
CRATHIE CHURCH, WHERE HIS MAJESTY WILL ATTEND DIVINE SERVICE.



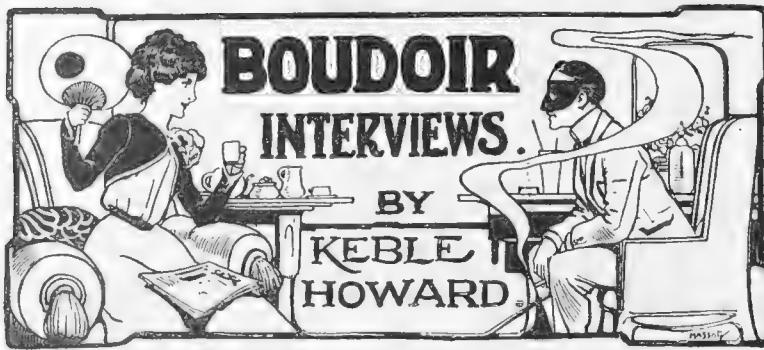
OLD MAR CASTLE, THE RESIDENCE OF PRINCE DOLGOROUKI.



GLEN MUICK, THE HIGHLAND HOME OF LORD GLENESK.



ABERGELDIE CASTLE, WHERE THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT WILL STAY.



III.—MISS ADA REEVE ON TACT.

"BUT when you were quite a tiny thing——" I expostulated.

"Yes, even when I was quite a tiny thing I had learnt the value of tact. I deserted the nursery for the 'boards,' you will remember, at the age of six, and everyone knows that there are very many pitfalls in the path of the young actress."

"Literally, of course, at the age of six."

"Of course! It was difficult work getting about on the stage during rehearsals, and so dusty that I had to give up wearing white socks."

"Where-as-now—?" I suggested.

"Now," said Miss Reeve, with a rebuking glance, "I step over obstacles."

"Tact," I murmured.

"Certainly. Tact will help one over most things."

"Combined with a discreet display of diamonds," I reminded her, thinking of the song.

"Ye—es. Of the two aids to success, however, give me the former."

"That," said I, bowing low, "would be like taking the latter to Kimberley. However——"

"Yes?" said Miss Reeve, looking more expectant than embarrassed.

"Oh, I wasn't going to add anything! That's just my way of helping you through the blush."

"Thank you so much!" said the lady, blushing tactfully.

"I knew you'd appreciate it," said I, and then there was a pause. This was due to the fact that I was trying to remember a brilliant epigram that I had composed in the cab. Miss Reeve, observing my knitted brow, patted the sofa-cushions and waited.

"Ah!" I exclaimed.

"You've got it?"

"I have—something—but not *it*. When do you propose to leave musical comedy for the real thing?"

"Why should I?" the lady wondered.

"Why, indeed," I agreed, "except that you pat cushions so nicely."

"Oh!" said Miss Reeve, "I have other qualifications for a modern comedy-part, I assure you. I can play five bars on the piano, for example, and stop abruptly when the actor-manager, in the middle of the stage, loses his temper and says——"

"Quite so!" I interrupted, hastily.

"I can laugh up two octaves and break off with a sob; I can talk baby-talk into the back of a sixty-year-old neck; I can get off a line indicative of joy in ejaculatory jumps, at the same time clapping my hands in front of me to emphasise each word; I can——"

"Stop, stop!" I implored. "We can't allow you more than four

Acts, with one incident per Act. But, seriously, I think you should go in for light comedy."

"Perhaps I shall," said Miss Reeve, "when I've a little less——"

"Modesty?"

"You may call it that if you like. Personally, I think 'Tact' would be nearer the mark."

"And nearer our text," I assented, meeting the rebuke half-way.

"You see," I pointed out, "I am taking a line out of your song."

"You're not alone in that," laughed the lady.

"Then you ought to blush again. It must be delicious to have imitators."

"It's rather amusing," said Miss Reeve, "to see oneself on the stage."

"In a tank?" I asked, gallantly.

"Please be more explicit. I'm not very strong, and my doctor——"

"I only meant tact and water," I explained, hastily. You see, I wasn't running any more risks.

"Oh, well! that's rather depressing, I admit. But perhaps a tank is preferable to a parallel bar."

"Perhaps," I admitted. "But, talking about knickerbockers——"

"I wasn't," said the lady.

"No? Well, thinking about knickerbockers, then, I'm coming to see you in——"

"San Toy," interrupted Miss Reeve, a trifle hastily. "But you might say you are coming to hear me. I am going to sing all the music written for Miss Tempest, you know, and two other songs as well. Perhaps you think I can't sing?"

"I don't think anything at all about it," I assured her.

"You mean, you know I can't. That's horrid of you! As a matter of fact, I'm very fond of singing, only I don't happen to have had a singing - part just lately."

When the hurricane had passed, I explained, prettily, that I had no doubt about the matter. The wording of my explanation was a trifle obscure; but, as I took care to express theatrical sincerity by laying my hand on my handkerchief-pocket, I got through all right.

"And now," said I, pulling myself together and preparing to make a graceful exit, "I'm sure you must be longing to try——"

"Not at all!" said the lady, rising also.

"To try over your songs. I will therefore leave you in undisputed possession of the stage."

"Please don't hurry. I can easily put off my next visitor."

"I've a good mind to take you at your word," I threatened, reaching for my hat.

"Do!" pleaded Miss Reeve, moving towards the door. I thought she was going to put her back against it, but she held it open instead.

"I'm afraid I can't," I replied, firmly, lingering on the hearth-rug.

"I'm so sorry! And please be very generous to me. I'm not really as stupid as this."

"Of course not!" I said, in a reassuring, paternal tone. It occurs to me now that some people would have taken exception to the tone. But Miss Reeve didn't seem to mind a bit.

"Whatever else you do," she said, pushing me down the steps in the most regretful manner, "I'm sure you'll treat this interview with Tact."

"You may depend upon that," said I, climbing up towards the porch again.

"Thank you so much!" said the lady, banging the front-door mournfully and putting up the chain with a sigh.

I wonder if I have.



MISS ADA REEVE IN HER BOUDOIR.

"THANK YOU SO MUCH!" SAID THE LADY, BLUSHING TACTFULLY.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

SCENES FROM "THE UNDERCURRENT," AT THE CRITERION.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Lady Shelmerdine (Miss Violet Vanbrugh). Countess Zechyadi (Miss Compton).



Melpomene (Miss Anna Robinson). Lawrence Keniston (Mr. A. E. Matthews).

ACT III.—THE HALL AT LECKENBY CASTLE.

Lord Leckenby
(Mr. Dawson Milward).Lawrence Keniston Mr. Gre-ham Banthorpe
(Mr. A. E. Matthews). (Mr. Eric Lewis).Countess Zechyadi
(Miss Compton).Lady Imogen
(Miss Muriel Ashwynne).Colonel Wragby Mr. Sapcott
(Mr. E. Hendrie). (Mr. A. Williams).Lord Dulverton Melpomene Sir Frank Keniston
(Mr. L. Gossmith). (Miss Robinson). (Mr. Bourchier).

ACT IV.—AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT LECKENBY CASTLE.

CRICKET IN 1901.

A WEEK later than in most years, the 1901 season of important cricket closed on Sept. 18. Its extension was due to excellent reasons—the desire to assist a family left unprovided for, and also to lighten the disappointment of a Surrey cricketer whose benefit match had been a complete blank. With regard to the season as a whole, various opinions will have been formed in so far as the game itself is concerned. There is but one way of describing the weather—the most favourable for very many years. It is, indeed, possible that few can remember

SO MANY REALLY BRIGHT DAYS

crowded into one summer. Then, it is quite safe to say that the number of true and fast wickets provided has never been exceeded. Cricketers have frequently fairly revelled in run-getting. Robert Abel, of Surrey, stands out as the maker of the greatest number of runs ever made in one season. His aggregate amounts to 3309. Previously to this year, only K. S. Ranjitsinhji, who accomplished the feat both in 1899 and 1900, had completed the third thousand. Now, besides Abel, there

MR. FRY'S BATTING

has been one of the most remarkable features in a season full of run-getting incident. The old Oxonian has played thirteen innings of three figures (four of them in excess of two hundred), six of them having been obtained consecutively. No cricketer has ever before gained such distinction, and it will probably be many years before it is surpassed. So far as bowling is concerned, it cannot be said to have shown an upward tendency. Rhodes and Hirst have put forth an amount of skill far beyond that of any of the other bowlers. The former has taken 251 wickets, and his companion 183; but it is not only the number of wickets which places these two at the head of the list. Rhodes's slows obtained wickets at an average cost of 15·12; Hirst's speedier deliveries bore fruit at the rate of a wicket for every 16·38 runs. Only these two bowlers have an average of less than 18 per wicket, the next best performance being that of Mead (Essex), whose wickets cost him 18·65 apiece. To

YORKSHIRE, CHAMPION COUNTY,

the two great bowlers belong, and it is not too much to say that the proud position occupied by the county of which Lord Hawke is Captain

E. Wainwright.

Mr. E. Smith. L. Whitehead. Lord Hawke. W. Rhodes.

D. Hunter.

J. Tunnicliffe.



G. H. Hirst.

D. Denton.

Mr. T. L. Taylor.

Mr. F. Mitchell. J. T. Brown.

THE YORKSHIRE CRICKET TEAM, CHAMPION COUNTY FOR 1901.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DURHAMS, LIMITED, LEEDS.

are Mr. C. B. Fry (3147), of Sussex, and Tyldesley (3041), of Lancashire, who share this distinction. It is not probable that the numbers will in future years be largely added to, if at all. The circumstances have to be exceptional for such achievements. Moreover, it is not particularly desirable. Nine cricketers in all have made two thousand runs or over this season, the names of those not already mentioned as having done so being Hayward, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Mr. G. L. Jessop, Mr. A. O. Jones, Mr. R. E. Foster, and Mr. C. J. B. Wood. More than fifty cricketers have scored a thousand runs or over, including Mr. W. G. Grace. Mr. Fry (78·67), Mr. G. Brann (74), and K. S. Ranjitsinhji (70·51) stand

AT THE HEAD OF THE BATTING AVERAGES,

though in the case of Mr. Brann, who made a really brilliant reappearance, it must be noted that he batted but ten times. Mr. W. Smith, too, who stands fourth with 64·11, had only eleven innings, so that it would be scarcely fair to say that he has done better than Mr. L. C. H. Palairet, W. G. Quaife, Tyldesley, Abel, Kinneir, Hayward, and Mr. R. E. Foster, the total of whose innings ranges from twenty-seven to sixty-eight (Abel) and all of whom possess an average of fifty or over, bringing up the number to eleven as against seven who met with like success last year.

is due very largely to the efforts of Rhodes and Hirst. To the last-named in two respects, for he has batted also in fine form, and, indeed, may be regarded as the

BEST ALL-ROUND CRICKETER OF THE YEAR.

The first Yorkshire name (Mr. F. Mitchell's) in the list of batting averages is seventeenth in order. Two below stands that of Hirst, with an aggregate of 1950. It will thus be seen that this fine cricketer has come within measurable distance of two thousand runs and two hundred wickets. His record is truly remarkable, and stands quite apart from the figures of the others who have scored a thousand runs and taken a hundred wickets. The part played by

YORKSHIRE

in the past season's work may of itself be regarded as a record, for, besides their heavy county programme of matches, they appeared at Scarborough (as usual) and Hastings, and subsequently against the Rest of England at Lord's and against Surrey at the Oval. One regrettable thing in connection with the season's cricket has been the number of dropped catches. It is not in our power to make bowlers of the highest quality, but it should be possible, by good fielding, to materially help the bowlers we have, and, if that were done effectively, the batsman's lot would not be quite so easy.

THE MOTOR-'BUS:

HOW OUR FATHERS WRESTLED WITH THE PROBLEM.

In view of the fact that a new service of motor-buses has recently been organised to run between the Post Office at Putney and Piccadilly Circus, the pictures on this page that illustrate the desperate attempts of our fathers in this direction should be of



(1) A STEAM-CARRIAGE IN 1828.

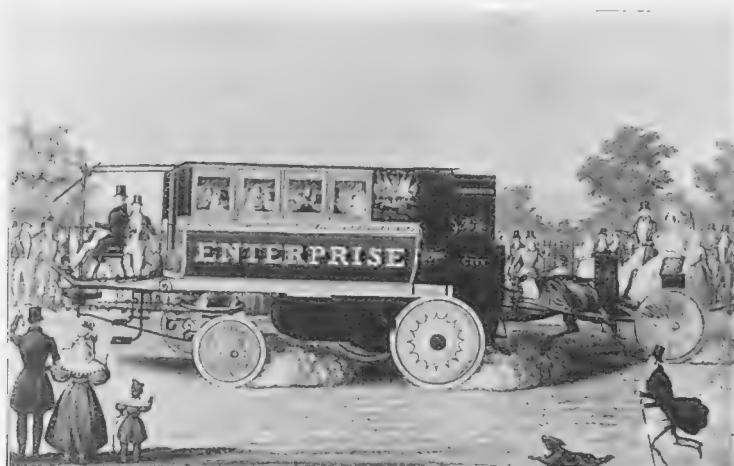
particular interest. No. 1 shows a steam-carriage of which the estimated horse-power was from fifteen to twenty. It travelled at the rate of from eight to twelve miles an hour, carrying six inside

was stopped by malicious obstruction of the roads and by the imposition of excessive tolls. This illustration gives a view of Wellington Street, Strand, with Sir Charles Dance's carriage leaving the office for Brighton.



(2) SIR CHARLES DANCE'S ATTEMPT IN 1831.

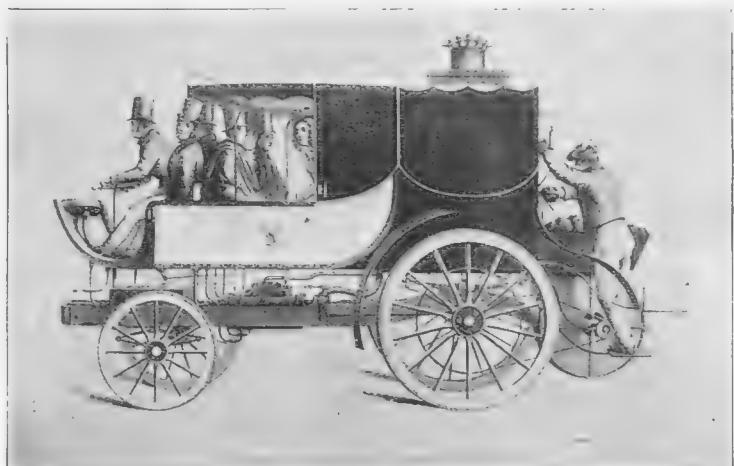
No. 3 ran regularly between Paddington and the City, and was mechanically successful. No. 4 was a great hill-climber, and ran every day to Edgware and Harrow. No. 5 shows a procession of



(3) FROM PADDINGTON TO THE CITY IN 1833.

and twelve outside passengers. To guard against the inconvenience arising from smoke, charcoal and coke were the only fuels used.

No. 2 ran four times a-day between Gloucester and Cheltenham; the speed attained was about twenty miles per hour. The enterprise

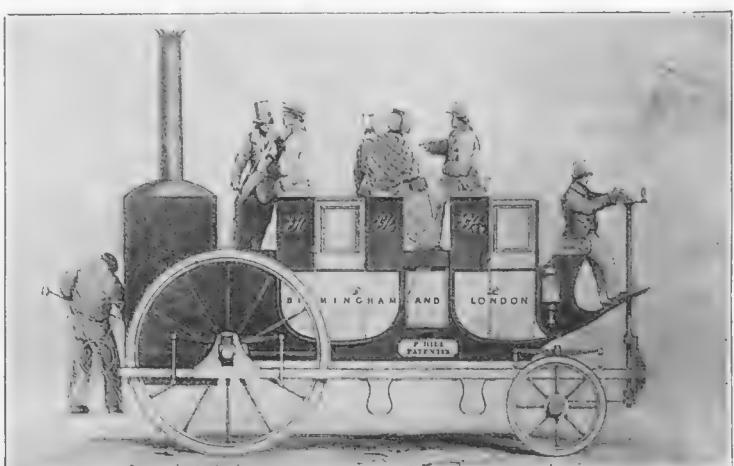


(4) STEAM-CARRIAGE FOR COMMON ROADS IN 1833.

the weird vehicles, and No. 6 is chiefly remarkable for the fact that it was fitted with water-tube boiler. The cylinders were vertical and close to the boiler, which was placed behind, with an over-hanging platform for the stoker.



(5) A PROCESSION OF STEAM-CARRIAGES IN 1833.



(6) BETWEEN BIRMINGHAM AND LONDON, 1839-43.

SOME SPORTSMEN: DOLORES.

SOME few years ago, a fine February morning found me on the Terrace at Monte Carlo, where I met some friends, who presented me to their cousin and guest, Dolores. She was making a tour that was to bring her into London for the Season, and her enthusiasms were delightful. Fresh from the States, everything in Europe seemed to please her. Monte Carlo was "just perfection"; it had only one drawback, the pigeon-shooting. "I suppose I ought to like these things," she said, dubiously; "my mother was from Spain, and was always riding or driving; my father, who is now in Boston, is a good shot, but I think it is horrible to see birds butchered in the name of sport, don't you?"

It was the year wherein the Triennial Championship was shot for, and the victory fell to Signor Mainetto; the pigeon-shooting was proceeding very briskly as we walked through the gardens, and in front of the big restaurant beyond the entrance one or two wounded pigeons had been hopping painfully along as I passed towards the Casino. I said briefly that I never shot pigeons from traps, thinking while I spoke of the excellent sport I had enjoyed at covert-shooting just before I left England for the South. Dolores seemed to divine my thoughts; she was too young to restrain her opinions and too pretty to run any risk of giving offence. "Ali!" she cried, "I suppose, if you don't shoot pigeons, you're one of the people who like to shoot tame pheasants and rabbits by the hundreds, and think it is sport. I've been told that in England you can't miss the game, it's so plentiful; that pheasants are like tame chickens, and that nothing has any chance of getting away." I stammered out some vague excuses, thinking sadly of the rocketing pheasants I had missed with both barrels not two months before, of the sly bunnies that had beaten me, of the snipe that had twisted in every direction but the one in which I fired. I regretted more than ever the popular fallacy that all game-shooting on preserved estates is slaughter rather than sport. When I would have made my peace with Dolores, a pigeon came in sight from the plateau below us and fluttered down within reach, badly hit. It was a pitiful sight and completed my discomfiture, for my new acquaintance clearly held me responsible for the occurrence, and I felt about as comfortable as a pickpocket suddenly discovered at his nefarious trade. Conversation was strained, and I was glad to make my excuses and get back to my hotel. My friends moved on to Italy a few days later.

In the autumn of the following year, I went to a place in Hampshire for a week-end's covert-shooting, and on the evening of my arrival found Dolores in the drawing-room. I took her in to dinner, and talked of weather, politics, dancing, theatres—everything, in short, except shooting. Dolores would not be denied; as fast as I raised a topic, she brought it round to guns and gunners, cross-examined me about my sport, and asked a lot of questions about driven pheasants. At last I

protested. "Don't you remember," I said, "how you went for me at Monte Carlo because some men we didn't know and couldn't see were hitting pigeons badly? Now, if I say anything to you, I'm afraid you'll make me responsible for all the cruelty there is in sport, and I shall be too nervous to shoot to-morrow."

"It's all right," said Dolores. "I didn't know anything about shooting then, but I'm coming with you to-morrow for my first day's covert-work." I stared rather incredulously, I'm afraid; but she went on: "It's quite true. Last summer I had a lot of practice at clay pigeons, and found I could hit them, so in the autumn I went out partridge-shooting, and this August I walked after the grouse in Inverness-shire for a week, and to-morrow's my first day at driven pheasants. Now, when a pheasant comes out right above your head—," and she went on with her questions, showing that she had given a good deal of careful consideration to all the probable situations.

I would like to be able to set down the triumph of Dolores on the following day, to picture her taking right and left shots and bringing her birds down well and fit for the table, but the truth must be recorded. At first she was placed some distance from me; later in the morning I found myself in a place where I could see her work. Luck, or the keeper, had put her in a warm corner; she had nearly thirty fliers over her gun, tailed a fine cock-bird, bagged a hen she should not have shot, and missed all the rest, for the simple reason that she had been taught to believe pheasants fly like farm-yard poultry and could not realise the pace of birds that were put in flight some way from the guns. I felt a bit ashamed of myself for being an uninvited witness of such a fiasco, but I was in my allotted place and had only a brace of birds within shot all the time. When we moved on, Dolores looked sharply at me, but I never said a word, and over lunch I talked only of wind and weather. In the afternoon, I have reason to believe the work was no easier, for the birds were driven down wind and came high and fast over the guns. In the evening, we had secured no more than fifty-six brace to five guns, besides some half-dozen brace partridges, and the few

odds-and-ends that fall to the bag at such a time. Next morning, I went off for my usual stroll before breakfast, and coming home met Dolores.

"I've been thinking," she said, "how I laughed at you for shooting what I called tame pheasants, and do you know that all day yesterday I could only hit three?"

"It isn't as easy as it looks, is it?" I said, and would have changed the subject, but she went on—

"I'm going to leave things I know nothing about right alone in future. I don't mind walking after birds or trying rabbits, but I guess pheasants are too much for me."

To the best of my belief, Dolores kept her word for the rest of that season, and, as she went back to the New World in the spring, I expect she has kept it to this day.



MISS BERYL FABER, WHO PLAYS VERY EFFECTIVELY AS FANNY SYLVAIN IN "IRIS," AT THE GARRICK.

Photo by Langford, Old Bond Street, W.

THE FEE OF FAME.

A Young Girl Done to Death by the Fury of Niagara's Rapids—A Biograph Takes Pictures of her Death-Voyage.

UNDETERRED by the stern fate which has awaited many of those who have attempted to conquer the Rapids of Niagara, men, and women too, are constantly coming forward to pit their puny strength against the overwhelming forces of the thundering waters which form one of the natural boundaries between the United States and our own Dominion of Canada.

To the last candidate for such barren honours as may be won from the contest, Miss Maud Willard, there has been meted out death, not swift and sudden, but long and lingering, shut up as she was for hours within a barrel and hurled hither and thither by the relentless forces of the waters.

A pretty American girl of twenty-five, born in the same town as that in which the lamented William McKinley saw the light, she had taken of late to singing at the Variety Theatres. The salary she earned was evidently one which did not satisfy her, and she came to the conclusion that if she did something extraordinary she would be able to command a higher rate of remuneration. To this end she determined that she would go through the Whirlpool Rapids in the barrel designed by Mr. Carlisle D. Graham, the Englishman who, fifteen years ago, first passed through the Rapids in a buoy-shaped barrel seven feet long—a performance he has repeated at various intervals since that time. Mr. Graham, indeed, was associated with the unfortunate girl in the performance, which was accepted as being one of the most notable ever given at the Falls.

The incident, which happened on Saturday, Sept. 7, occurred near the place where Mr. McKinley took his last drive, for only two or three

hours before he was shot he was driving just by. It was soon after half-past three in the afternoon that everything was made ready for the start, and a small boat took the barrel in tow and out into the centre of the stream. At five minutes to four the tow-rope was cut loose, and the barrel, with Miss Willard and her pet dog, was left to drift in the currents which sweep with overwhelming force through the narrowest part of the Gorge. Within a few minutes she was well on her way to the Rapids, and as she was being tossed up and down by the great waves a Biograph machine mounted on a trolley-car took pictures of the barrel.

From the Canadian side of the river to the American the barrel was driven by the great, white-capped waves, and a few minutes after four it entered the Whirlpool, where it was to remain for hours buffeted about now by one current, now by another. Round and round and round again it went, swept ever and anon into the midst of a great mass of driftwood, until at last, in spite of its great buoyancy, it was

sucked under by the swirl of the waters and kept there. To the onlookers it must have seemed like hours, though it was only minutes, before the barrel came up again. Then it was hundreds of feet away from where it went down. When it reappeared, it was noticed that, instead of being upright, it had a list on it, suggesting that the ballast had shifted, or that the girl shut up within had become unconscious by the buffeting to which she had been subjected and was lying on one side of her prison. Helplessly watching the barrel swirling round and round, Mr. Carlisle D. Graham, no doubt confident that it would come through safely, as it had so frequently done with him, stood waiting until a favourable current should carry it towards the land. The time was drawing near for him to undertake his own share in the proceedings, and shortly before five he jumped into the water, still followed by the Biograph, in order to swim to Lewiston, five miles down the river. Not altogether unaided was this swim, for he had a life-preserver under his arms and a life-ring about his neck—little enough assistance in all conscience for the feat he was undertaking; while, in addition, he had a British flag for Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht and an American one for Mr. Bryan, just as Miss Willard had taken with her in her travel a flag for Mr. McKinley and one for the Cup defender. Mr. Graham succeeded in his swim, and then returned to the spot where Miss Willard was still



MR. CARLISLE D. GRAHAM.

AS HE WAS DRESSED FOR HIS SWIM THROUGH THE NIAGARA RAPIDS, SATURDAY, SEPT. 7, 1901.



THE LATE MISS MAUD WILLARD AND MR. CARLISLE D. GRAHAM.

MISS WILLARD DIED SOON AFTER BEING TAKEN FROM THE BARREL, IN WHICH SHE WAS CARRIED ABOUT IN THE NIAGARA WHIRLPOOL FOR SIX HOURS, ON SEPT. 7.

a captive in the clutches of the Whirlpool, which refused to yield her up. Just as darkness was falling on the waters and night was coming on,

Mr. Graham made a desperate attempt to catch the barrel, but failed, and then arrangements were made for a huge search-light to illuminate the waters in order that the barrel might be kept in sight during the night.

At last, after some six hours, the barrel was caught and dragged to shore. When it was opened, the little dog jumped out, apparently little the worse for its imprisonment, but Miss Willard herself was unconscious. A doctor was sent for, but the last flickering of life had gone out before he could arrive, and one more life had paid toll to the great river which destroyed Captain Webb, whose body lies in the same cemetery as that in which Miss Willard sleeps the long sleep.

With the anniversary of the birth of Victor Hugo, Feb. 26, 1902, the very last collection of his verses will be published, completing the trilogy of memoirs beginning with "The Memoirs" proper and followed by "The Love-Letters." The forthcoming volume will be called "La Dernière Gerbe" ("The Last Sheaf"). It is said, however, that we are to have this winter a supplementary volume to "The Memoirs"—"Post-Scriptum de Ma Vie," which will include much unpublished matter and some papers on Shakspere.



THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DRIVING ABOUT THE STATE RESERVATION, NIAGARA FALLS, THREE HOURS BEFORE HE WAS SHOT, ON FRIDAY, SEPT. 6.

From Photographs by Orrin E. Dunlap, Niagara Falls.



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON AS OTHELLO, A PART THAT HE WILL PLAY ON TOUR.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBUARY STREET, S.W.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY," AT THE ROYALTY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

AMERICAN PRODUCTION OF THE GREAT HAYMARKET SUCCESS,
“THE SECOND IN COMMAND.”



ACT III.—LEFT BEHIND! MR. JOHN DREW AS MAJOR CHRISTOPHER BINGHAM (MR. CYRIL MAUDE'S PART).

(See “Musical and Theatrical Gossip.”)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

AMERICAN PRODUCTION OF THE GREAT HAYMARKET SUCCESS,
“THE SECOND IN COMMAND.”



Muriel Mannerling
(Miss Ida Conquest).

Major Bingham
(Mr. John Drew).

Colonel Anstruther
(Mr. Guy Standing).

Lady Harburgh
(Miss Ida Vernon). Lieut. Mannerling
(Mr. Oswald Yorke).

ACT I.—MURIEL MANNERLING MEETS COLONEL ANSTRUTHER, THE ORIGINAL OF THE ACADEMY PICTURE WITH WHICH SHE HAS
FALLEN IN LOVE.



Major Bingham.

Muriel Mannerling.

Colonel Anstruther.

Lieut. Mannerling.

ACT III.—COLONEL ANSTRUTHER HOLDS ALOOF FROM MURIEL, BELIEVING HER TO BE IN LOVE WITH MAJOR BINGHAM.
(See “Musical and Theatrical Gossip.”)

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"THE BENEFACTRESS," by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," which Messrs. Macmillan will publish in a few weeks, is a novel of German village life. It is said by those who have read the manuscript to be full of the charm of the anonymous author's previous works. The benefactress is a young Englishwoman who has a fortune left her by a German relative. She takes up her property in Germany, and the story tells of her experiences in that country. I think I may be safe in saying that the book will contain more than a few autobiographical touches.

Mr. Robert Hichens calls his new novel, "The Prophet of Berkeley Square," a tragic extravaganza. The prophet is a young man who comes under the influence of the great astronomer, Sir Tiglath Butt. This charlatan and "Malkiel the Second," the maker of wonderful almanacs, play conspicuous parts in the story, which tells of the trials and tribulations of the young man after he has consulted the prophets.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason's new novel, "Clementina," is a romance of the early part of the eighteenth century, of the time when James Stuart was in love with Princess Sobieski.

One of the most remarkable human documents of the year is "The Making of an American," which Messrs. Macmillan will publish shortly. The author is Jacob A. Riis, who is already known to the public as the author of "How the Other Half Lives," one of the most powerful descriptions of life among the poor in America that has ever been published. Mr. Riis is a Dane who has worked his way from the situation of a penniless day-labourer into a position of considerable wealth, which he now devotes to bettering the conditions of the poor in New York. "The Making of an American" is written in the most graphic and forcible style, and, if the whole book is anything like the chapter which I read in the American *Outlook*, it will be among the most striking biographical volumes of the season.

Mrs. Margaret L. Woods has had the temerity to add another to the long list of novels of the Napoleonic period. The action of her new book, "Sons of the Sword," takes place on the Continent, although her heroine is English. Napoleon himself figures conspicuously throughout the story.

I see that Mr. Murray has dropped the fiction of the "editorship" of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters." "A Modern Antaeus" is announced as "by the Writer of 'An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.'"

Mr. A. W. Smalley, the New York Correspondent of the *Times*, will publish the first volume of his Reminiscences this autumn. They will be fully illustrated, and will deal principally with famous Englishmen. They should be good reading.

It is said that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Kim" cost him more work than any of his previous books. Some of the sections were re-written a dozen times, and then changed or perhaps cut out altogether. The book was begun more than eight years ago. The journeys of Kim and his Lama reproduce many of the same travels of the author. The description of the journey towards the land of Tibet at the end of the book is also, I believe, taken from actual experience.

The new President of the United States contributes to the October and November Numbers of *Scribner's Magazine* an account of his mountain-lion hunt last winter in Colorado.

Mr. Horace E. Scudder's official Life of Russell Lowell is to be issued in a large-paper edition by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. this autumn. Mr. Scudder, who a few years ago resigned the Editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* to undertake the work, has attempted to produce a biography that shall be definite, authoritative, and critical. A number of Lowell's letters never before printed will be included in the volume.

The first two volumes of Mr. Heinemann's new edition of Tolstoy, more than fulfil the highest expectations. Mrs. Garnett has, as usual, done her work admirably. If you compare her translation—which is a really fine piece of literature—with the very inadequate American rendering which has done duty in this country up to the present, you will see how greatly a new edition of the work was needed. The wonder is that a book so inadequately presented to the English public ever attained any measure of recognition. I am not sure, however, that Mrs. Garnett has been wisely advised in altering the title to "Anna Karenin." It is quite true that there is no precedent for the using of the feminine ending in this country, but, still, we were used to "Karenina," and there is something to be said for keeping to the original Russian spelling, especially as this has been done for the most part in the other names in the book.

There is evidently a great increase of interest in the works of Tolstoy. Mr. Grant Richards' new edition is to be started immediately with a new translation of "War and Peace," and Messrs. Jarrold have published a collection of Tolstoy's short stories, with a biographical introduction by Mr. Nisbet Bain. I see this is announced as the first biography of the author of "Anna Karenina," but surely Mr. Perris's excellent "Leo Tolstoy: The Grand Mujik" comes under the category of biographies. The standard biography of Tolstoy, however, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It is written by Dr. Dillon, the great authority on Russia. He has enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with Tolstoy and his works, and, above all, with the Russian people. o. o.

MR. FRANK DE JONG.

Mr. Frank de Jong, the enterprising young South African Manager, bids fair to become as popular in London as he undoubtedly is in the leading cities south of the Limpopo. Out there, "Frank," as he is

popularly called, is looked upon as the George Edwardes of the South African theatrical world. (*En passant*, it is something of a coincidence that three of South Africa's first-favourite entertainers should each have Frank for his front-name—to wit, Frank Wheeler, Frank Fillis, and Frank de Jong.) Mr. de Jong has the Opera House, Cape Town, on a long lease, "and other ventures he hath," as Shylock would say, in various parts of the great Sub-Continent. One of de Jong's most popular appearances in Cape Town was when he, a few months ago, sold from the stage of the Opera House ten autograph copies of Kipling's poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," the proceeds of which helped to swell the *Daily Mail* fund. In London they know the cheery Frank at the Eccentric Club, at the Alhambra, and other

places of light and leading. He is one of the trio who lately "presented" "The Whirl of the Town" to the new Century audience, but it is at the old Princess's in Oxford Street that Mr. de Jong hopes to make his mark.

THE OLD GAMEKEEPER'S LAMENT.

Once I used to tread the furrows,
Turn the ferrets in the burrows,
An' was called the 'andy-man by one an' all;
Wore his Lordship's cast-off breeches,
Kept his fur an' feathered creatures,
An' was ever at the sportsmen's beck an' call.

Kept the gun-room neat an' tidy,
Complimented by his lidy
On the way my bits o' brasses used to shine.
Allus meek in my demeanour—
Never sor a man look cleaner:
On the moors they've orfen parssed me on the wine.

Pheasant chickens! I could breed 'em;
I'd a patent way to feed 'em
(So has every blessed keeper in the land).
We was envied by the county,
An' I've drorn a decent bounty:
Lors! I've 'ad some weighty tips put in my 'and.

I could fill an' turn a cartridge
That would kill a hare or partridge,
An' a poacher never came on our estate.
With a pointer or a setter—
Well, you never sor a better;
As for shootin'! ev'ryone said I was great!

In those days I was in clover,
But, alas! they're parssed an' over,
As good days are when one's three-score-an'-ten;
Five-barred gates I don't find easy,
I'm roomatiky an' wheezy—
How I wish those good old days would come again!

O, the month is now September,
An' how well do I remember—
List! I thought I heard a gunshot near the park.
Covey's up! A strong wind's blowing;
Out o' bounds, away they're going,
An' my only duty now's to watch—an' mark.



IN PORT: OLD AND CRUSTY.

OLD PARTY (*after a war of words*): You a man? A bonnie man, I'm thinkin'! Look here! D' ye see that notice? A' weel, if it wisna for that notice, I'd throw ye in the bloomin' harbour!

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

ON SHADOW RANGE.

BY ROBERT MACHRAY.



HEY were hunting—after a fashion; that is to say, not anything with life in it. They were looking for minerals, not animals; their quest was for gold or silver, preferentially the former, but certainly not grizzlies. They knew formidable specimens of the last-named were sometimes encountered on the other side of the lake among the mountains, which some pious French-Canadian had called after St. Mary in days that were not so long ago, but which already were forgotten. But on Shadow Range, on which they had been camped for several days, no "silver-tip," that fiercest King of Beasts, had ever been seen. At least, that was what they said in the little mining-town on the further side of Shadow Lake.

Shadow Lake was an expansion of Shadow River, a sullen, angry flood which hurled itself through the ramparts of rock on the north by a black, roaring cañon. The general direction of the river was from north-east to south-west, as was that of the lake. Save when it was high noon, and not even then except at certain seasons of the year, the waters of both river and lake were constantly darkened by the shadows from the bank—shadows of pine and cedar, shadows of the masses and peaks of the mountains, now flickering and quivering like flame in the wind, now steady and motionless, as a vast picture set in a frame, when the air was still. Mystery, romance, grandeur dwelt in lake and river alike. The scene was such as would have delighted a great painter or a great poet.

The mountainous regions, long desolate and solitary as a desert, through which Shadow River and Lake flowed, had recently been declared by competent authority to be "highly mineralised," and there were stories to be heard in all the humming centres of the West with regard to several of its mines, some gold, some silver, which were turning out veritable Bonanzas. And this territory, too, was now being prospected by men from many lands. The St. Mary Range had been the scene of two or three rich finds, but, so far, the Shadow Range had refused to disclose its secrets—if it had any. It was, however, the opinion, universal and unchangeable, of the town—it also called itself St. Mary—that the "Shadow" would yet be shown to be the richest range in the country.

"D'ye reckon the Almighty pitched that thar pile o' rock?" asked Madison, the keeper of the Palace Hotel (the Palace consisted of a two-storeyed shack of weather-boards and shingles), "pitched it right thar, and built the whole show o' nothing but unadulterated stone? No, not much! It ain't reasonable."

This was the simple creed of the place—its belief, its hope, its gospel. St. Mary felt, if the "Shadow" proved a delusion and a snare, then the bottom might as well fall out of everything, and the sooner the better. Its faith in it was stubborn, and the complete failure hitherto of all the prospecting expeditions which had explored the range had not succeeded in discouraging it.

Another party was organised, the backers thereof being Pete Small ("Little Pete," they called him, though he was six-feet-two in his stockings—the humour of a mining-camp, like murder, will out), who ran the general store; Madison, the before-mentioned hotel-keeper; Red Wilson, the Deputy Sheriff; and Mike Monaghan, the proprietor of the "Opéra-Comique," otherwise known as "Piles o' Bones"—a far from subtle hit at the anatomical curiosities of its female Stock Company, so to speak. These bloated capitalists requested Jim Lowe to lead the gang they had picked out for the job, and Jim consented conditionally on his being permitted to take along with him a young Englishman who had recently struck the town and who had taken kindly to it. The young Englishman's gun-cases and kit had painted on them "Hon. John Cornwall," and St. Mary rather fancied itself on possessing him, and spoke of him as a "lord." When Cornwall smilingly explained that he was not a lord, but only a lord's son, St. Mary said that was near enough and good enough for it, and went on calling him "Lord Cornwall," as it had begun by doing. And Jim Lowe bargained that "Lord Cornwall" should join his party.

"Hey him, if you like," said Madison, whose fluency made him the spokesman of the grub-stakers; "only he's a sport, not a prospector. I don't see what good he'll be to you; but, if you want him, why, you can take him."

It appeared it was Cornwall's idea, not Jim's.

"He wishes to join the party," observed Jim Lowe, "because he thinks he may find some big game in the mountains; he knows nothing and cares nothing about mining. One more won't make much difference to us, and the others are keen on his coming—he'll be a Mascot, they say; you know how the boys feel when they talk in that fashion."

"Oh, hev it your own way, Jim," responded Madison; "reckon you gin'rally get your own way, anyhow."

Jim laughed a little and nodded.

And the fact was that he did get his own way in St. Mary; he was

a kind of king in it, though he put forward no claim to be anything of the sort. A superior position was given him by tacit consent, and the impartial onlooker would have seen some grounds for it in Jim's make-up, both physical and mental. He had not drifted into the camp from God Knows Where, as so many of the other inhabitants of the place had done; he had come across the range with some Indians, amongst whom, it was plain, he was regarded as a chief. The Indians had departed, but he had remained. Now, the indulgence of curiosity about a man's antecedents is a dangerous amusement in a mining-camp, and no one questioned Jim. He told Madison he had lived for a few years among the Indians, but had grown tired of it, and he said no more about his past. He mixed freely in the life of the town, and became a favourite with most of its people. He was a man of education, and that counted for something, but his kingship was really based on character. He was a "strong" man. "Ye can't bluff him nor chip him out o' the game," was how Madison expressed it; "he's jist thar or tharabout all the time."

Besides Jim Lowe and "Lord Cornwall," there were four other members of the exploring expedition. Three of them were genuine prospectors, true specimens of the class which finds mines but hardly ever makes any money either from its discoveries or anything else. The fourth was what might be called a handy man, but his chief function was that of cook and bottle-washer.

They had penetrated into the heart of the "Shadow" without seeing anything which even the most optimistic could pronounce a "prospect." Most of the party were a trifle disheartened, and railed against their bad luck. Jim Lowe said very little, but he was always cheerful and bright. The grumblers looked into his steady eyes, and their murmurings died away, their spirits rose, their hopes revived. But one evening, and without having to look into Jim's eyes, there was no grumbling. They were too much excited to grumble or complain, for Tod Belt had come into camp crying that he had seen fresh traces of a bear quite near at hand, and that the bear was pretty certain to be a "silver-tip."

"This is whar you come in!" he shouted over to Cornwall. "Thar's sure to be a racket when he noses us out, and I low it won't be long before he gits around to pay us a call."

Tod's news at once opened up a discussion. If he was not mistaken, there was bear, after all, on the "Shadow"—for the moment this was more interesting than any "prospect," however pleasing. But was he right? Tod stuck to it.

"Don't know the tracks o' bar!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Guess not! Why, wot ye take me for? I ain't the sort o' galoot; not me, not much, sonny!"

"I don't know why there shouldn't be grizzlies on the "Shadow,"" said Jim Lowe; "there are plenty of them and to spare on the range on the other side of the lake. The chances are that Tod is right."

"You can bet I am!" cried that worthy.

A fire had been lighted for the evening meal; besides, it grew chilly as the night came down on these high-lying slopes. Usually the men went to sleep early, but that night they sat up late, swapping "bar" stories, and while they talked they piled fresh wood on the flames. Tod was so excited that he said he would sit up all night and "watch out for trouble." But when morning broke on the camp, everyone, Tod included, was fast asleep, and not a sound was to be heard save of the wind playing amongst the folds of the hills; otherwise, the "Shadow" was wrapt in its world-old silence. The air was stinging cold, and high up the range the peaks showed silver-coated with the first snows of the year. Jim Lowe was the lightest sleeper. Shortly after dawn he woke, sat up, and gazed on his comrades, but he did not call them at once. His eyes swept past them through the trees to the gaunt, naked, time-stained, storm-riven sides of the "Shadow"; they glanced at the sky—it was clear, pale blue, and the top of its arch seemed infinitely remote; then, they came back to the sleeping figures, and rested finally on the form of "Lord Cornwall." And there was now a strange, peculiar expression in these eyes of Jim Lowe; if ever eyes spoke, these did—spoke of hunger and thirst and loneliness and desolation; they were the eyes of a man who, as it were, was marooned or outlawed. There was some bitterness in them, but, most of all, starved and famishing desire. Then the eyes changed again; something of panic seemed to darken them; that, too, passed, and, presently, he aroused the sleepers from their slumbers.

"Taint mornin' yet, surely!" protested Tod Belt.

"Thought you were to sit up and keep the fire burnin'," said one of the men to him; "but I reckon—"

"Guess it don't matter what you reckon," interposed Tod.

"Good-morning, good-morning!" sang out Cornwall, standing up.

"Mornin', mornin'!"—and the camp proceeded to breakfast.

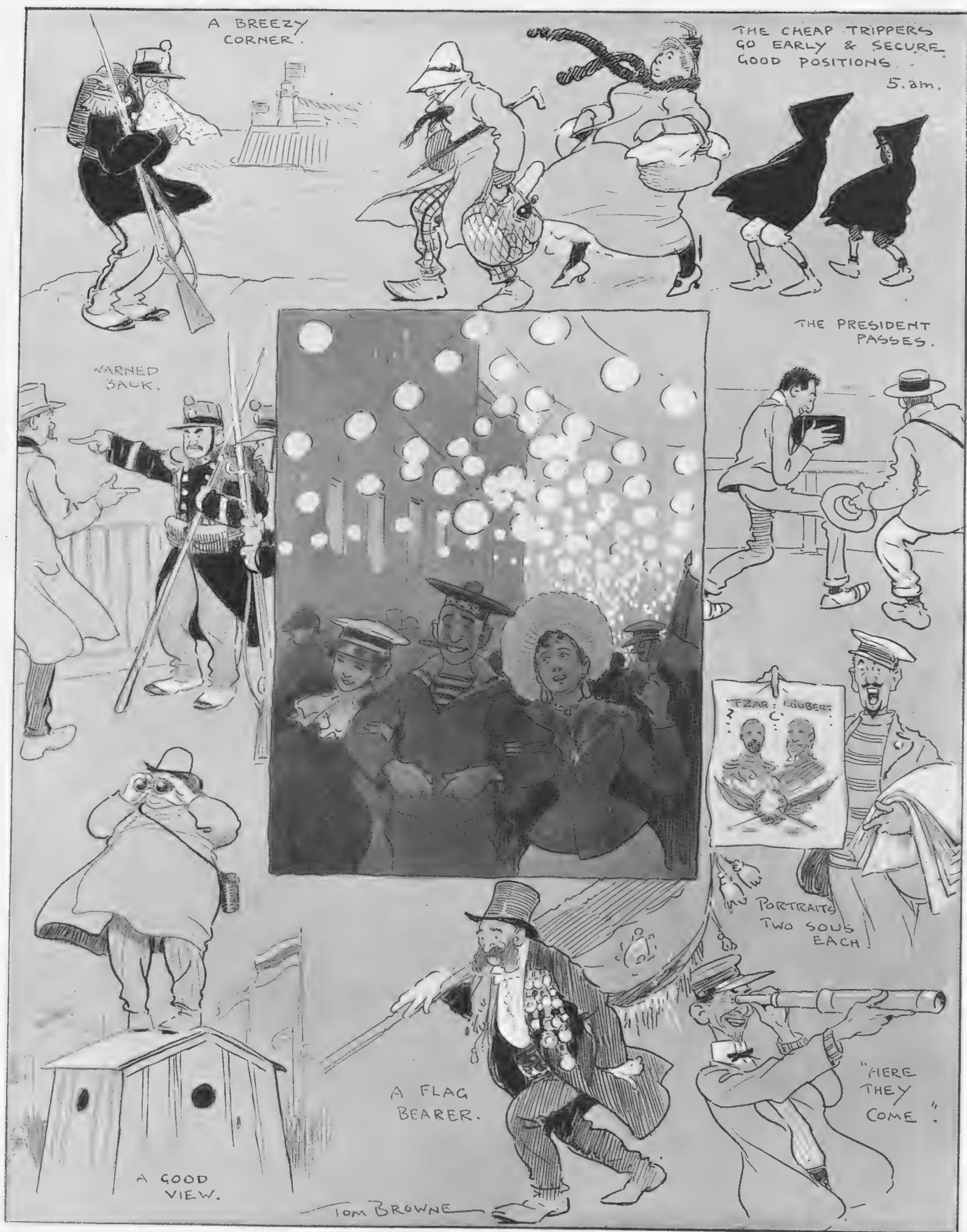
"What's your programme to-day, Jim?" asked Cornwall. "Any chance of getting a shot at the bear whose tracks Tod said he saw last night?"

"Said he saw '!'!" grumbled Tod, under his breath.

"Do you think you could pick up those tracks again?" Jim inquired of Tod.

"Sartain, Jim," replied Tod, "unless"—he hedged—"unless thar's bin an eturnal land-slide to carry them away."

"If you like, Cornwall," said Jim, "we'll go and find that bear of Tod's!"



VISIT OF THE CZAR TO FRANCE: OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DUNKIRK.

"Yes, yes, let's all go!" shouted Tod eagerly.

"All right," agreed Jim Lowe; "we are just as likely to see some mineral in that way as in any other."

"Whar's bar, gold's thar," suggested one of the men.

"You git up and stand on your head, sonny," laughed Tod.

Cornwall shouldered his rifle, and the others got their prospector's picks, shooting-irons, and other implements ready. After a while they found the bear's trail three or four hundred yards away from the camp, but the tracks were not particularly fresh.

"Guess the critter was not here yesterday, nor the day before," said Tod, with keen disapprobation of the "critter" for not being more accommodating.

They followed the tracks for several hours—here losing, there finding them again. At noon, a halt was called by the side of a mountain-torrent, now running thin, and they fed soberly on cold pork and hard-tack, washed down with water from the stream. They discussed whether they should go on or return; most voted to go back to camp, but all said they would do whatever Jim Lowe wished. Tod Belt declared that it was his "idee" the bear had his headquarters, "and his hindquarters too," in the vicinity of this very stream, and the best plan was to move their camp somewhere near. Jim Lowe was inclined to approve of Tod's suggestion, but thought, as there was still plenty of daylight before them, they might spend an hour or two investigating the banks of the torrent, as it was not unlikely that the water had worn bare—at any rate, in places—faces of rock showing mineral of one kind or another. This was probable enough, and the party scattered, some descending, others ascending the sides of the stream. Amongst the latter were Cornwall and Jim Lowe, with Tod Belt a little distance behind them.

Ascending or descending, the business was almost equally arduous. Here, fallen timber barred the way; there, slippery benches of slimy stone offered treacherous footing, or rock-surfaces worn smooth and polished like slabs of marble sloped at angles that made rapid progress nearly or altogether impossible. But somehow, anyhow, Jim Lowe and Cornwall mounted higher and higher (Tod no great way in the rear), until they found themselves on a long, narrow ledge, into which time had bitten, as it were, a series of natural steps; across the whole transversely ran a seam of quartz in a wide blue-white stain, like the marking of an acid on metal. Suddenly Jim stopped, got down on his knees, and began chipping at the quartz with his pick. Cornwall, who was on a few feet ahead, stopped too, as did Tod, coming up. As he heard the sounds of the steady chipping, the latter hurried as fast as he could to Jim's side. He also got down on his knees, examined the pieces of quartz Jim had already broken off the rock, and then began chipping a yard or so below. Jim worked slowly and thoughtfully; Tod's face was tense and his eyes sparkled with joy and hope.

"Goramighty!" he cried hoarsely. "Goramighty!" and could say no more for gladness.

"Looks all right, doesn't it?" asked Jim, from above, scanning the while a fragment of quartz in which shone points of yellow.

"Goramighty! Goramighty!" answered Tod, his voice quivering and breaking like that of a tearful child. "Think she's all right, Jim?"

"Seems like it," responded Jim, quietly.

"Hoo-roo, hoo-roo!" yelled Tod, in a great voice.

"What is it? Gold?" inquired Cornwall.

Jim nodded, and went on chipping. Cornwall said, "That's good news indeed!" and was about to step to Jim's side, when there was a sound as of a timber snapped just above him—snapped sharply. The noise attracted the immediate attention of all three men, and, looking up, they saw coming down the ledge towards them a huge "silver-tip," head up, red tongue rolling, fore-arms high in air—wrath, challenge, and menace in the shaggy brute's gait.

What happened next took place with such lightning quickness that not one of the three could ever give a connected account of all that occurred after the terrible moment when the bear charged down on Cornwall, and, undeterred by an ineffective shot from him, hugged the young man in his powerful grip. Both Jim and Tod were for an instant paralysed, not with terror, but with the suddenness of the thing; but, a second later, both ran up and shot at the brute with their revolvers. The silver-tip thereupon dropped with Cornwall to his feet, and stood over him, growling and biting at a wounded shoulder. Uncertain next which of his assailants to attack, the bear swung from side to side. At length he singled out Tod, but as he ran at him a lucky shot from Jim's revolver, which reached the heart, brought him down, and Tod finished him as he lay. All this took no more, as it were, than a flash of time. The "silver-tip" was dead—and Cornwall did not appear to be in much better case. Jim bent over him, and Tod saw that Lowe's face was working strangely.

"He's not dead, do you think?" Jim asked anxiously, turning from the unconscious form.

"Don't know, don't know!" replied Tod, looking at Cornwall's face.

Jim wrung his hands and his eyes went wild. Some deep feeling shook him, and his lips trembled. Then he said, as if it had been the simplest, most natural thing in the world, "He's my brother," while Tod stared at him, thinking he had gone mad.

"Your brother, Jim?" he asked.

"Yes, my brother, and he's dead!"

"Don't know that," said Tod. "See, he's opened his eyes; guess he's a long way from dead."

"Not dead!" cried Jim; but even as he spoke Cornwall's eyes closed again. Jim threw himself down beside the body.

"What's come to you, Jim?" gasped Tod; "he ain't dead!"

Jim examined the body. Tod was right; Cornwall was not dead—nor did he die.

When Jim was convinced that Cornwall was likely to live, he said to Tod, "You heard what I said about him—forget it. I ask you never to speak of it." And Tod agreed. Often when the silence of the great ranges wraps him round like a garment does he wonder what is the story that lies behind that statement of Jim Lowe—the statement that he was "Lord Cornwall's" brother.

"A woman! Bet it's a woman!" thought Tod. "It's always a woman!" Tod generalised.

It was a simple story; briefly, this—

The two brothers, fondly attached to each other, had fallen in love with the same woman, who had made mischief between them. The elder had sacrificed himself and had gone out to the solitudes of the West—to forget. The younger was successful in his suit, but in the end the lady proved false to him, and he too, obeying the same primitive instinct which had moved his brother, had sought solace in the wilderness. Chance, and nothing else, brought them together on Shadow Lake, and when they met they agreed to say nothing of their relation to each other.

But when "Lord Cornwall," convalescent, went East, Jim Lowe went with him—to the surprise of everyone in the camp except, perhaps, Tod Belt. Jim Lowe, however, did not leave until the "prospect," known eventually as the "Silver-Tip Gold-Mine," had shown the hopes of those who believed in the "Shadow" were well founded.

DUNROBIN AND ITS DUCHESS.

THE news that the Duchess of Sutherland sustained a disagreeable accident the other day caused concern to many who have not the honour of her personal acquaintance, for there are few more popular women in Society. Dunrobin Castle, where the German Crown Prince was entertained a short time ago, is a fitting residence for the greatest of Highland chiefs. Splendidly situated, it towers above the sea and the surrounding country, and has retained more mediæval stateliness and beauty than has any other Scottish stronghold. The lovely young Duchess carries on the splendid traditions left by her predecessors, the Duke's mother and grandmother, and when at Dunrobin she spends much of her time in visiting the various centres of the Highland Industries Association, for it is mainly owing to her indefatigable efforts that a revival has occurred in the hand-weaving for which the Isle of Harris in particular and Sutherlandshire in general were once deservedly famed, and the fact that tweeds and homespuns are now "the only wear" is largely owing to her precept and example.



DUNROBIN CASTLE (FROM THE EAST), SUTHERLANDSHIRE, THE HIGHLAND HOME OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

Photo by Valentine, Dundee.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

ELLEN TERRY'S GRANDCHILDREN.

THE little Craig children depicted on this page should be regarded with especial interest by playgoers from the fact that they are the offspring of Mr. Gordon Craig, and therefore the grandchildren of the gifted and beloved actress, Miss Ellen Terry. Mr. Craig started promisingly in his mother's profession, but, like his bright and



MISS ELLEN TERRY'S GRANDCHILDREN: ROSIE AND PETER CRAIG.
Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

epigrammatic-tongued sister, Ailsa, he anon abandoned the boards, Gordon taking to drawing, painting, and magazine-editing, and Ailsa to theatrical-costume designing. The four little Craigs so love and are so beloved by their fascinating young grandmother that whenever you may call upon that delightful actress at that most interesting house of hers at Barkston Gardens, you are sure to find one, two, three, or the whole four (mostly the last-named number) running about the place in the height of enjoyment. There, too, will you find Grandma Ellen, in the intervals of study, playing the piano, acting, singing, or reading to those charming youngsters, of whom I may tell you, strictly between ourselves, Mrs. Wardell (that's our beloved Miss Terry) is far prouder than she is either of the wonderful curios and books in her house or of her splendid array of histrionic successes.

"THE SQUIRE AND THE KNIGHT"

is the present name of a comedy which is, at the moment of going to press, regarded as having been chosen to follow "The Giddy Goat" at Terry's in the course of ten days or so. The new piece is the work of Mr. Sidney Bowkett, who, although British-born, was long a member of the late Augustin Daly's Companies both in America and England. Mr. Bowkett, still a very young man, has already given promise of becoming a powerful dramatist, notably in his little drama, "The Snowstorm," at the Gaiety, a few years ago; by his strong little play, "What Greater Love?"; and by his adaptation of "The First Violin."

Sketch readers have already been informed that Mr. Lewis Waller's next new production would be a play by Mr. H. V. Esmond. This play, the leading character in which is a kind of

MAN WITH A PAST,

has just been named "The Derelict."

Unless sudden postponement sets in, Mr. Charles Wyndham will next Tuesday (Oct. 8) produce at his beautiful new theatre his strangely named new play,

"THE MUMMY AND THE HUMMING-BIRD."

When I tell you that the "Mummy" is a scientific but unsuspecting husband, and that the "Humming-Bird" is his young and sometime flighty-frivolous wife, you will guess at the "true inwardness" of this play. The author is Mr. Isaac Henderson, an American citizen who some years ago wrote for Mr. Wyndham a play that was entitled at different times "Agatha" and "The Silent Battle."

"THE BELLE OF CAIRO,"

written by Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Kinsey Peile and produced at the Court a few years ago, is about to be diligently revised and taken on tour by Mr. Charles Wibrow, an excellent comedian and an esteemed touring Manager.

Some months ago, it was my duty to notify *Sketch* readers that a new and apparently powerful adaptation of Scott's greatest historical novel,

"QUENTIN DURWARD,"

had been prepared by that picturesque and brainy young author-actor, Mr. H. A. Saintsbury. I have now to announce that Messrs. T. Hesslewood and Hamilton Knight have prepared an adaptation of this romance. They call theirs "A Cadet of Fortune." Mr. Saintsbury's version keeps Sir Walter's title.

At the moment of writing, it is arranged that

MISS ADA REEVE,

who has been lately touring in the name-part in "San Toy," shall appear in that character at Daly's Theatre this week. Miss Reeve takes up this character until Mr. Edwardes requires for the Apollo the new musical play for which she was originally engaged.

THE DAINTY MISS KATE CUTLER,

so long associated with the Lyric Theatre, has, I learn, been asked to play the character of Aladdin in the Christmas entertainment of that name which is being written for the London Hippodrome. Miss Cutler has also been asked to appear elsewhere in quite another kind of piece, of a more comic-opera type. Moreover, after Christmas this popular little lady will haply be seen in a new comedy expressly adapted for her from a certain French piece. It is a play of somewhat strange cast, for it contains six ladies and one man.

The next new Savoy opera, which is at present called

"MERRIE ENGLAND,"

has been written by Captain Basil Hood upon Elizabethan lines, with Tudoresque airs by Mr. Edward German to match. Captain Hood, greatly daring, introduces even William, the author (or rather, adapter) of "Hamlet," into this piece. And not only so, but, scorning the example set him by Sir Walter Scott—who brought Shakspere on in "Kenilworth," but did not dare (as he said) to make him speak—this intrepid Captain actually makes the Swan of Avon speak a good deal of dialogue!

If present arrangements hold, we are to see to-morrow (Thursday) at the Vaudeville, in front of

"SWEET AND TWENTY,"

the new "Christmas Carol" play, with Mr. Seymour Hicks as Scrooge. Inasmuch as all playgoers nowadays do not read Dickens, it is to be



MISS ELLEN TERRY'S GRANDCHILDREN: ROBIN AND PHILIP CRAIG.

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

hoped that none of them may (as the present writer lately warned Mr. Hicks) regard this latest adaptation from Dickens as having been conveyed from "A Message from Mars."

It has been arranged that that long-talked-of touring play,

"A CHINESE HONEYMOON,"

written by Mr. George Dance and set to music by Mr. Ivan Caryll, will be produced at the Strand to-night (Wednesday). The principal part will be played by the very clever Miss Louie Freear.

Please note that, in spite of all the rumours to the effect that

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT WOULD PLAY ROMEO

to the Juliet of the popular actress, Miss Maude Adams, the story has just been denied, and by no less an important person than the Great Sarah herself!—and probably she knows.

Two novelties were produced at

THE QUEEN'S HALL PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The first was a symphony by Herr Alfoen, a Scandinavian composer. It was very much like the Russian composer Tschaikowsky in style. The performance was most creditable; Mr. Wood and his fine orchestra merited high praise for their careful playing of the symphony.

THE ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY'S

prospectus for the season is quite up to the standard of the Society's concerts. Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," Gounod's "Redemption," works by Handel, Sir Frederick Bridge's "Forging of the Anchor,"



MISS LILY HANBURY AS MARITA IN "A ROYAL RIVAL," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

and Mr. Coleridge Taylor's "Blind Girl" to the libretto of Longfellow, and the same musician's setting of "Hiawatha," will be included.

The Soldat Ladies' Quartette from Vienna will give several concerts during the present season at St. James's Hall. The leader is Madame Marie Soldat, who was a pupil of Herr Joachim. There will be four concerts, one in October, the remainder in November. The arrangements will be similar to those adopted by the Joachim Quartette Party.

After forty-two years of honourable service,

THE "MONDAY POPS"

have ceased to exist. Mr. Arthur Chappell is no longer the Director, and for the future there will be only "Saturday Pops."

MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR.

I note with pleasure that Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's début as an actress went off at Leamington the other day with the utmost success. The talented lady, who played the chief part in her own play, "A Lady from Texas," was received with great enthusiasm both by the Press and the public. My congratulations to her and to the ever-brilliant "T. P."

It may be as well to warn you that another big crop of so-called "religious" dramas is imminent. These include a kind of "Pilate" play, entitled "The Prince of this World," another named "Nazareth" (both made in America), also "Mordecai the Jew," adapted by Mrs. Alicia Ramsey and Mr. Rudolf de Cordova from the Book of Esther, and "David and Bathsheba," by Mr. Stephen Phillips.

"THE SECOND IN COMMAND," IN NEW YORK.

All who esteem plays that are thoroughly clean as well as thoroughly clever will be glad to learn that Captain Marshall's dainty Haymarket comedy, "The Second in Command," has achieved as marked a success in America as it has in England. In the first-named country, as in the last-named, several companies are engaged in playing this piece. In the last-named, Mr. Cyril Maude and his gifted wife, Miss Winifred Emery, are at the head of the chief Company, while the leaders of the chief American Company are Mr. John Drew and Miss Ida Conquest as "Binks" and Muriel respectively. This No. 1 American Company was, according to latest advices, playing under the direction of Mr. Charles Frohman at his Empire Theatre in New York City. Mr. Drew is a comedian whose high capabilities are so well known in London in connection with the enterprises

of the late Mr. Augustin Daly that it needs no stretch of imagination on the part of Metropolitan playgoers to believe that Mr. Drew would find in the character of the much-misunderstood but beloved "Binks" a character in which to revel. As a matter of fact, he *does* revel in it, so much so that All New York admits that he has never in his histrionic career had a character in which he has revelled more. Both in humour and in pathos he is the equal of the original representative, the aforesaid Mr. Maude. Yet Mr. Drew, as might be expected from those acquainted with his method, plays the part on totally different lines from those laid down by Mr. Maude. One of *The Sketch's* pictures, specially taken at the New York Empire, shows the scene wherein "Binks," the Second in Command, having recently given up all hope of winning Muriel, who has now betrothed herself to Lieutenant-Colonel Anstruther, D.S.O., the First in Command—whom she really loves—now finds (thanks to Muriel's brother's muddling) that Anstruther has invented a "past" to cover his apparent fickleness, and has given her up, believing that she really loves "Binks" after all. This Act, it will be remembered, ends in quite a mix-up of cross-purposes, not unlike that in "The Critic," wherein the combatants are so inextricably mixed that should they move, their respective daggers will do each other grievous bodily harm. Mr. Puff, as we all know, brings in a Beefeater, who, to solve the difficulty, charges them in the Queen's name to drop their swords and daggers. Captain Marshall, in solving his mixed betrothal problem, does not use a Beefeater, though he does avail himself of the good offices of a "Royal Highness." The New York Muriel, Miss Ida Conquest, is, like Mr. Drew, also known to London playgoers, though not to such an extent. It was both at the late Adelphi in "The Heart of Maryland" and at the Garrick in "Too Much Johnson" that Miss Conquest made her principal London successes.

The Colonel Anstruther of this tremendously successful New York production is Mr. Guy Standing, the fine-figured son of that old London favourite, Mr. Herbert Standing, and nephew of Mr. Frank Celli, whom in statuesque figure young Standing strongly resembles. The other members of the cast, down to the least important, are all adequate.



MISS LOUIE FREEAR,
WHO PLAYS CHIEF PART IN "A CHINESE HONEYMOON,"
PRODUCED TO-NIGHT AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



MISS CLARA JECKS,
WHO IS PLAYING KITTY SPENCER IN "ONE OF
THE BEST," AT THE SUBURBAN THEATRES.

Photo by Martin and Saltow, Strand.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Uninteresting Cycle-Racing—How to Improve Race-Meetings—Sunday Cycling and its Benefits—A Word about Narrow Tyres—Railways and Cycles—A Continental Comparison.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Oct. 2, 6.34; Thursday, 6.32; Friday, 6.30; Saturday, 6.28; Sunday, 6.26; Monday, 6.23; Tuesday, 6.21.

With the end of September, the bicycle-racing season may be said to be at an end. All the important events have been run off, and the remainder are of little or no account. So far as this year is concerned, there is no gainsaying that it has been one of the tamest on record. There have been practically no sensational races, and the public apathy has been more manifest than in any previous year. Really, it seems that the days of bicycle-racing, so far as interesting spectatorial exhibitions are concerned, are over. The public will not pay to see what have been these last few years very dreary and dismal programmes run through. The fact is, so many people ride bicycles nowadays that they prefer to do the riding themselves to seeing others do it for their edification.

At the same time, it seems rather a pity that so fine a sport should suffer from senile decay. I fancy the fault lies with the promoters of race-meetings. It is very monotonous to watch group after group of men ride round a track, with an occasional spurt here and there—more especially when these men are either paid professors or indifferent amateurs. What is wanted is something in the gymkhana line: less racing and more fun and music. In amateur athletics the programmes are usually made up of competitions which offer amusement and interest to others than the enthusiastic followers of sport. There are hurdle-races, obstacle-races, sack-races, and similar events, which, while being competitive, afford amusement to those who have no knowledge of "form" and "records," and take but little real interest in the racing personalities of the performers.

In some parts of rural England there is still a "dead set" maintained against cycling on Sunday. With all due deference to those who desire to preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath, it seems to me very arbitrary and selfish to endeavour to debar the youth of the country from partaking of the delights of a spin awheel on, perhaps, the only day of the week available for such recreation. There are very many thousands of young men and women who are cooped up in workshop, mill, or shop the whole of the week, and whose only chance of recreation is on a Sunday. Nobody would prohibit them from a country ramble afoot, and the step from pedestrianism to cycling is a mere matter of wheels *versus* boots and the ability to cover more ground on the cycle than on foot. Cycling has never depleted the churches of congregation, but it has done something else—it has weaned many a man from the bar of the public-house and given him a brighter and purer and more healthful pastime.

I was forcibly reminded of this on a recent visit to the Newcastle-on-Tyne district. Nobody would describe the City of Coals as a fashionable resort. As a matter of fact, it is a very workaday, grimy, and rather unwholesome sort of place. The major portion of its population is made up of miners, shipbuilding labourers, and iron-workers, and yet Newcastle

is one of the strongest cycling centres in the kingdom. It is a sight upon a Sunday to watch the thousands upon thousands of cyclists wending their way from the city towards the cycling resorts, such as Gosforth Park, Ponteland, Whitley Bay, or Blyth. The vast majority are working-men who have bought their bicycles with the money earned by desperately hard work. What would these men do if they had not the cycle upon which to spend Sunday in roaming the country? I am prone to think they would loaf the streets, with the temptation of the garish public-house ever before them.

In a recent article I wrote words of advice concerning light tyres. I note that many of the manufacturers of cycles are recommending riders not to invest in the absurdly narrow tyres such as have been so much in vogue this year. This is a very wise recommendation, for there is a limit to the size of a tyre where efficiency ends and instability begins. Many riders, in order to make their machines look "racy," have specified 1½-inch or 1¾-inch tyres. Such small tyres as these are more useful for the track than the road, since the air-space is so shallow that

resiliency or flexibility is reduced to a minimum. For comfortable riding the best size is 1¾-inch, and cyclists desirous of wheeling with ease should make a note of this size when ordering their new machines.

The carriage of cycles by rail always provides a topic for lively discussion among cyclists. It is true we are a long way behind our Continental brethren in the matter of facilities for taking or forwarding our cycles by the railway; but still, things have vastly improved these last ten years. Mainly owing to the persistent and energetic action of the controlling organisations of cycling sport, many concessions have been made by the autocrats of Britain's railway system. In fact, several companies have made advances towards cultivating and encouraging the cycling traffic, with, I believe, beneficial results to themselves. Ten to fifteen years ago, to take a bicycle by rail was to run the risk of the machine being either lost entirely or smashed, with no redress from the company, since the latter insisted upon the cyclist signing a declaration absolving the railway from all responsibility.

Guards and porters

hated bicycles, because they had not learned how to wheel them, and barked shins and pinched fingers were scarcely compensated for by the modest "tip" of the wheelman. Guard and porter now know how to wheel the machine and how to pack it, while the volume of "tips" has increased with the volume of cycles carried.

Comparisons are not always convincing, yet Sterne's sententious dictum that "they order this matter better in France" is very applicable to the carriage of cycles by rail. One is relieved of so much worry when all the formalities necessary consist of paying the sum of one penny for a registration-ticket, and leaving all the work of vanning the cycle and unloading it to the salaried officials of the railway. They do these things in France, and, if it pays them to do it there, it should pay the British railway company to do it here.

Still, we are progressing, and, although it may take some years to draw level with the Continent in these matters, we have good reasons for hope, and should applaud every effort on the part of the cycling organisations to bring the railway companies to look upon the cyclist as a passenger to be encouraged, and not to be harassed.

R. L. J.



MISS ADA REEVE, THE NEW "SAN TOY" AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Newmarket. At last the First October Meeting commences in October. Year in and year out the opening of this fixture has taken place in September, which, on the face of it, was ridiculous. The chief feature of the meeting held this week will be the race for the Jockey Club Stakes, to be run on Thursday. Epsom Lad is very likely to win, if he is as well as he was when he won the Eclipse Stakes. I really do think that Diamond Jubilee is very likely to win if he gives his running, but it cannot be denied that the King's horse is a very erratic animal. "He could but wouldn't" hits his character off to a "t." The field may include Ian, Water Lily, Strongbow, and Pietermaritzburg. It is a pity that Eryx is not likely to carry Baron de Rothschild's colours in the race. He is said to be going on well in his work in France, and, sooner or later, he is bound to win a big race in England. He is very likely to have a go for the Ascot Gold Cup next year, and already it is generally thought that the racing at Ascot in 1902 will be the best seen on the Royal Heath for many a long year. His Majesty's yearlings are said to be a useful lot, and the King's colours are very likely to be successfully carried in one or two of the two-year-old races. Diamond Jubilee is almost certain to run for the Gold Cup. It is to be hoped the course will provide good going.

Nomenclature. A gentleman of my acquaintance once named a racehorse Redeemer, in reference to the pawnbroker's business. The authorities, after the horse had run in several races, objected to the name, which was altered to Pledger. After this straw-splitting business, it is really annoying to find some horses running in names that are, to say the least of them, open to question. I am not going to publish the names I am pointing to, but I suggest that none admitting of double or even questionable meaning should be registered. Many old racegoers will remember, when the late Duke of Hamilton bought Eunuch, the property of Mr. Ten Broeck, he considerably re-named the animal Ten Broeck. In my opinion, too much care could not be bestowed on the nomenclature department, and I certainly would not allow any name of more than two words to be registered.

Selling Races. I am very glad to hear that the Stewards of the Jockey Club intend to legislate in the matter of selling-races. As matters stand at present, those owners with bad horses on their hands can neither sell them nor win races with them. As I have preached for years, and as the late Duke of Westminster always insisted on, it costs no more to keep an Ormonde than it does a selling-plater, and owners who stable leather-flappers are deserving of little sympathy from the Turf rulers. At the same time, it is galling to enter a plater in a selling race to be sold for £50, only to find the race won by a good-class animal that is bought in at £700 or £800 after it has won. If the latter were liable to be claimed, say, for the fund previous to the start, it is pretty certain the animal would never be entered in a small selling-plate, and those owners with ordinary animals would be given the chance of turning these to some account. I have very little sympathy with the professional gamblers who use selling-plates as a means to engineer big coups. I am always glad to hear of their losing the race and getting their animals claimed. Those are the people that the legislators should strike against. They are of little use to the Turf.

Futures. Seemingly, the market both in the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire is in a very unsettled state, and I think speculators would do well to wait until after the decision of the Duke of York Stakes before making their final investments on the two autumn handicaps to be decided at Newmarket. For the Duke of York Stakes, I am told Caiman is real good business. You may remember I gave the horse for the Jubilee Stakes, when he was, I think, very unlucky to be beaten by Santo. He will be ridden by Maher, who, now that he has recovered his health, is running up a merry sequence of winners. Some time back, a weak chest gave him a lot of trouble, but I am glad to hear that he is now much stronger. Reverting back to the Cesarewitch, the general opinion is that Sam Darling will give us a hot favourite, but I prefer to wait and see before giving a final guess at the likely winner. Mauvezin is the bugbear in the Cambridgeshire. It is understood that Lord Carnarvon bought this horse on the advice of Tod Sloan, who, in my opinion, is one of the best judges of horseflesh in the world. If Sloan thinks Mauvezin good business, I should be sorry to oppose his judgment; but time will tell.

"Crooks." There are some men on the Turf at the present time who travel "on the cross." Having spent some years of my life in America, I am able to call them by their proper names—"crooks." Some owners, some jockeys, some trainers, and many bookmakers are "crooks." The "crook" layer wants only one "dead 'un," as he terms it, per week. The "crook" jockey wants only to be put up on the horse of the "crook" owner that is good enough to win but is not intended to. The horse rolls home, but this time the "crook" owner and his friends are put in the cart, while the "crook" jockey and his crew shovel in the gold. The "crook" owner does not often slip his absolute certainty until some other owner has an apparent certainty and is going out for a coup. The "crook" trainer, knowing his good thing has breakfasted too well, puts up a straight jockey and tells

him that defeat is impossible. The jockey, who has a reputation to lose, crawls in with the crowd; but, if he is a good judge, he concludes by the rolling of the horse that the latter has been stuffed for the occasion.

Handicapping. It is pleasant to be able to record the fact that the handicapping this year has been fairly good, and, as a result, the big races have yielded well. True, we hear complaints of certain horses having been given prohibitive weights, but their owners should have run them and let the handicappers see them. One writer says an owner had £600 on his horse for a certain race, and the animal ran nowhere. Yet he has been given a bigger weight ever since. I know for a fact of one owner putting money on an animal that had no chance in a certain race this year, and the money was put on as a blind. Of course, it is only fair to add that the names of the animal and the owner have not been mentioned in the discussion on handicapping. The gentlemen who adjust the weights should neither look to the right nor to the left, and the result of their best endeavours is then sure to give satisfaction. I feel riled at owners who continually strike their animals out of big handicaps because they are dissatisfied at the weights allotted them.

Mr. Whitney. It is to be hoped that Mr. Whitney will not retire altogether from the English Turf, as he is a thorough sportsman and a liberal patron of our race-meetings. Surely there is a rule to make the entries sent in by Mr. Madden valid, and I take it the case could be met by the payment of the fee for the necessary alterations to be made under the rules of the Jockey Club. I am afraid that Mr. Whitney has been influenced in his decision by the violent tirade made against Lester Reiff's handling of Volodyovski at Hurst Park and at Doncaster, but the silly critics might have considered whether Reiff was not riding strictly to order. Perhaps the Derby winner is a non-stayer. If so, Reiff rode correctly in both of the races referred to, and, in the event of the crack three-year-old winning the Cambridgeshire, the carping critics would bite the dust with a vengeance. Reiff told me in the spring (and I printed it in *The Sketch*) that he would give anything to be able to ride some big winners for one of the best masters in the world—
Mr. Whitney.

CAPTAIN COE.

THE JAPANESE WRESTLERS.

So much enthusiasm has been created by the introduction into this country of the Japanese Secret Art of Self-defence that the Management have entered into an agreement with Mr. Barton-Wright for the appearance of his two Japanese Champions at the Empire Theatre from Monday last. New features have been introduced, and, in order that the utility of these methods may be properly tested, members of the audience are invited to go upon the stage. Mr. Barton-Wright has already arranged



THE BARTIZU FORM OF JAPANESE WRESTLING, AS SHOWN AT THE EMPIRE BY MR. BARTON-WRIGHT AND HIS PUPILS.

Copyright Photo by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

some important contests with three English Champion Wrestlers. The programme at this popular Variety Theatre also includes, among others, Howard Thurston, the clever card-manipulator; Franco Piper, the champion banjoist; and the ever-green ballet, "Les Papillons."

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THE latest aberration of Dame Fashion's flimsy fancy is the craze for foot pédicure and the wearing of sandals. So strongly has the hygienic aspect of the latter habit caught fashionable feminine approval of late, that dozens—I had almost said, hundreds—of gently born children have for the past few seasons gone barefooted in



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AN ELEGANT FUR-TRIMMED COSTUME.

summer, like their impecunious small brethren of Ireland and the Highlands. Someone "discovered"—was it not the celebrated Padre Kniepp, by the way?—that bare feet strengthened the system and also allowed the foot to grow beautifully, according to Nature's outline, instead of the *cordonnier's*. Since then the idea has gradually developed, until within the past few months shoe-factories could hardly put forth sandals in sufficient numbers to meet the clamorous outcry that arose for them. Following the children's lead, we now hear that dames of weight and leading (social, not physical) have determined to introduce the sandal into Society, for the summer and autumn, at least. In preparation for this sweeping change of front and foot, women are, as a consequence, giving more attention to the gentle art of pedicure than our grandmothers would have thought possible or polite. As an effect, beautifully cared-for feet will soon become as general as the manicured perfections of the modern hand, for whose polished pink nails and satin-smooth cuticle we are, it seems, in the first instance indebted to the daintiness of the up-to-date American. What a change all this from the comparatively unwashed period of our forbears, which Charles Lamb brings vividly before us in his description, amongst other things, of a dinner-party where the squire of the parish asked the local parson "if he had brought his glebe on his hands"! In all ways we have, indeed, become luxurious as to the care of our persons, which, while even admittedly falling short of the elaborate

system of decorativeness employed by and known to the ancient dames and damosels of antique Italy and Greece, yet suffice to set forth the well-bred woman of to-day as a very exquisite and dainty person far removed from the suspiciously scented belle of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with the "unwashed brocades" of which Horace Walpole speaks so scathingly.

Apropos of brocades and other stuffs of "subservient grandeur," I notice that the enterprising Peter Robinson has at the moment a sale at his Oxford Street shop, which must be of interest to all women, inasmuch as the occasion is the dispersal of Howell and James's accumulated stocks. This historic house, where, we are told, George III. and the Princesses, his daughters, were constant customers, has now—as far as the drapery portion thereof is concerned—been merged into the successful modern firm of Peter Robinson, and the present sale, which disposes of the materials taken over from Howell and James, is therefore, one may be sure, an opportunity of special interest to the feminine constitution, inasmuch as it is a rare and unique opportunity of annexing unexampled bargains. As an instance, nearly three thousand yards of coloured taffetas glacé are being offered at eighteenpence-halfpenny the yard, other and most costly silks at such disproportionate reductions as from one guinea a yard to nine shillings, from fifteen shillings to eight shillings, and so on. Some of the Black Faille Duchesse made for our late good Queen, who was a constant patron of Howell and James's establishment, is also to be sold at nine-and-eleven a yard, which is considerably below its maker's price. The catalogue of this interesting



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GREY CLOTH, VELVET, AND CHINCHILLA.

sale also sets forth how four-guinea black velvet picture-hats are being reduced to a mere thirty shillings, how hand-embroidered evening-gowns of portentous richness and extravagance have climbed down from their high estate of twenty and thirty guineas to a lowly "fiver," and other sacrificial bewilderments variously. The sale will last until

Saturday, Oct. 12, and, as an occasion for replenishing the autumnal wardrobe, should be largely availed of.

In making a round of the chief restaurants when lately in town for a few evenings, I noticed a marked increase in the number of high-necked and long-sleeved evening-gowns, which is certainly, from whatever cause, a move in the right direction. When dining in public places, it always seems to me that women who are also ladies should dress distinctively from those who are hardly one and decidedly not the other. Wherever entrance is possible by payment there will be "undesirables," and, with the growing taste for dining away from home, the world must expect to rub shoulders on such occasions with the half-world. But, at least, the dividing-line of "a more private form of costume," as the Frenchman admirably said, might be observed by our wives and daughters, whose shoulders and arms should, in many authoritative opinions, be more fittingly admired in the shelter of their homes or those of their friends. The health question on this point is very uppermost also at



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GREY CLOTH WITH BLACK SATIN RIBBON.

the moment, and many prominent doctors are firm on the point of high-necked gowns for winter wear—at least, in theatres—amongst their patients.

At this moment of exquisite weather, in the shady old garden from which these frivolous reflections are despatched, one realises that London's chiefest attraction is that, while it is there to go back to, one is able at the moment to be out of it. Perfect weather in perfect country-house surroundings is a joy; perfect weather in London streets is to me a piteous waste of life. It is in the shortening days of mid-October that lamp-lit Metropolitan cosiness once more urges its curtained claims to grateful notice. Now, the whilom dear village is a noisy, empty, sun-baked, dust-bestriden pandemonium, where only those who needs must are.

Fashion, meanwhile, but represents itself to our rural experiences at occasional neighbouring tea-and-tennis fights, as well as in the *va-et-vient* of our delectable headquarters, and last evening a newcomer appeared in a Paquin frock which lent a grateful excitement to dinner, as being the latest expression of Fashion as she is spoke in Paris, and gave us women some envious twinges to which ancestral gout must be a

bagatelle. It seems wicked to talk and think finery with a swan-studded river in the foreground, a brilliant autumn garden all around, and a generous sun shining over all, baking the perfumes out of roses and heliotrope and petunia until the place becomes a very laboratory of odorous essences.

But frocks and flummery will, nathless, obtrude their insidious and extravagant seductions on the feminine imagination, and at the present instant I am plunged in contemplation of some drawings of the newest autumn-coat which have newly arrived by post from a tailor-man at Vienna. One of his customers is staying in the house, and her choice has fallen on an enviable three-quarter-length Lyons velvet garment, with a whimsical but charming arrangement of sleeve which, coming from the neck, widens out towards the wrist until it reaches the proportion of a kimono. It is called the "Ursuline sleeve," and is an imitation of the "habit" sleeve worn by nuns of that order. Wide cuffs and collar of Russian sable, immense inlaid buttons of oxidised silver and amethyst, and a jabot of point-de-gaze sum up this desirable possession, which has curious stitched-down pleats at both sides of the front to add to the *chic* of its composition.

Another coat for autumn race-meetings, made by the same inspired "Schneider," is of pale gunpowder-blue, the cut and flow of its long flounced skirts being beyond mere praise. Heavy guipure laces over plissé chiffon of the same soft tone cascade down its fronts and meander around its various hemns, while a triple collar of flounced ermine makes an unspeakably becoming finish, all the more that an immense tawny muff and an ermine-trimmed toque are despatched as accompaniments.

Lace and embroidery are, in fact, the invariable ingredients in every forthcoming furry confection of the season, while French modistes, with their rosettes of panne or velvet, buckles and buttons of fine paste or enamel, and real lace draperies, go farther than ever in flouting the old rule which made costly fur a law unto itself. Artistic combination of the most apparently opposing materials is the keynote of all our approaching winter fashions.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. F. (Lincoln).—You will find the very thing you want in the Howell and James sale, which began on Monday at Peter Robinson's. Their brocades are all being sold off at greatly reduced prices.

HAUSFRAU.—Have you tried the Atora beef-suet. It is quite pure, and replaces butter and lard in cooking. The makers, Hugon Pendleton, Manchester, will send sample on receipt of a post-card.

SYBIL.

THE FANCY-DRESS BALLS AT COVENT GARDEN.

Messrs. Frank Rendle and Neil Forsyth have arranged for the first Covent Garden Fancy-Dress Ball to take place on Friday, Oct. 11. This year, as the whole of the Opera House and stage are available, the scenic decorations will be of a far more extensive nature than in previous years, and will be entitled "The Sunny South," consisting of scenes from Monte Carlo and the South of France. Valuable prizes will again be given for the best fancy-dress costumes.

A DAINTY VOLUME.

"Some Favourite Books and their Authors" (Grant Richards) is a dainty little volume by Mr. Joseph Shaylor containing interesting facts and details relating to fifty well-known books. The volume, which is eminently suitable for a gift-book, contains biographical sketches and illustrative extracts, and is admirable both in its treatment and "get-up." I shall put it on my least-dusty shelf and turn to it as an antidote after reviewing a batch of modern novels.

Mr. Lionel Begbie has collected his bright verses from the *Isis* and elsewhere and issued them in book-form, under the title of "Bosham Ballads." The publishers are Messrs. Alden, of Oxford.

Apropos of the King's Coronation, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have published a very handsome volume illustrating the various Crowns and Coronets used in the British Realm.

Brighton Season.—The Railway Company are announcing that the "Brighton in Sixty Minutes" Pullman Limited Express will resume running every Sunday on and from Oct. 6, from Victoria at 11 a.m., returning from Brighton at 5 p.m. and 9 p.m.

In these days, when the question of a perfect mixture is always a favourite topic of conversation among pipe-smokers, it is as well to take a good "tip" when you can get it. The "Tortoiseshell Smoking Mixture" is as near perfection as one can wish.

Owing to a slight confusion of names, the photographs in the last issue of *The Sketch* of President McKinley and of Mrs. McKinley were attributed to the London Stereoscopic Company. The pictures were taken by Messrs. Underwood and Underwood and are from stereoscopic photographs.

There seems to be no doubt that Ibsen is dying. He is at work, it is said, on a kind of last will and testament, but whether this is in the form of a drama or a philosophical work is unknown. With characteristic obstinacy, he insists upon writing every word in his own hand, although he is in a painfully weak state.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on October 9.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE markets have been very depressed during the last few days, and especially is this noticeable of those in which gilt-edged securities are dealt in, for these have suffered considerably from talk of a fresh issue of Consols. Rumour insists that at the beginning of next year (if not before) the necessities of the South African War



FIVE-MILE SPRUIT ON MELSETTER ROAD, RHODESIA.

will drive the Government to further borrowing, and, on this assumption, the "put" of a good bit of old stock has been arranged for at various prices. In addition to the fear of a fresh Consol issue, the withdrawal of gold for Germany, and the dread of financial trouble in that direction, as well as the unsatisfactory position of Copper and Copper shares, to which we allude at greater length later on, have added to the uneasy feeling and helped to depress nearly all markets.

Things speculative have hardly been more satisfactory than trustee securities. Kaffirs, on the prospects of another year's war, do not appear to tempt the public; the latest Jungle bore-holes have proved a wet blanket to West Africans, and the Copper position has half-frightened speculators in Yankee Rails, so that all-round bulls have not had much encouragement.

COSTA RICA.

For the fourth time since the Republic of Costa Rica became a borrower on the European markets—which, by-the-by, was only in the year 1872—default is to be made in the service of the loans. It is officially announced that the Finance Minister regrets, owing to the depression in trade, the service of the debt will be suspended for two years. From 1874 onward, there was eleven years' default, and again in 1885 and 1897 a scaling-down process was insisted upon, so that the Government has by this time become an expert in the repudiation of its liabilities. We suppose no great harm will be done, for no one takes the Republic's credit seriously; but, if solemn engagements are to be put an end to before the ink of the signatures is quite dry, it appears scarcely worth while to go through the expensive process of elaborate negotiation.

A STOCK EXCHANGE BLACK LIST.

Every broker has suffered from the impossibility of collecting some clients' accounts, and it is well known that many firms have been victimised by the same person, until it has become quite a profession to make a living by playing the game of "Heads I win and tails you lose" with broker after broker. At length the matter has become such a scandal that a serious effort is to be made to put some stop to the nefarious trade, and for this purpose an influentially backed petition has been circulated, and, we hear, signed by many of the leading firms, asking the Committee to place a board in a conspicuous place within the Stock Exchange upon which the names and addresses of defaulting clients may be entered, and verified by the signature of the member who has been victimised. If the arrangement is properly carried out, it will put a considerable curb on the predatory instincts of a number of persons who have until now found it easy to take in even the most conservative brokers. We could name several persons who, by the publication of such a list as is contemplated, will find an end put to their means of obtaining a living and their occupation in the City practically gone—persons posing as Chairmen of Companies, directors and financiers, to say nothing of company-promoters.

CONCERNING COPPER.

The little Metal Exchange which lies Gracechurch Street way is quite enjoying the importance it has lately acquired in consequence of the Copper craze. Members of the Stock Exchange whose clients are interested in the metal and all that thereto appertaineth are keeping

their brethren in the Copper Market peculiarly active, and the telephones in the metal-brokers' offices have little peace in these days. Of the dozens of rumours put forward to account for the flatness of copper, not one can be considered reliable, and we have no shame in confessing that the actual reason is a mystery to ourselves. No doubt, the true cause of the flatness will appear later; meanwhile, we are all in darkness.

The Cup Races alone provide a theme of discussion as interesting as that provided by the present position of the Copper-share Market. Brokers and dealers whose happy hunting-ground is usually the Yankee department may now be seen daily in the middle of the Foreign Market, and much of the selling of the past week has come from the States. Paris also contributes her quota of sales, and the vaunted cheapness of Rio Tinto does not appeal to us in the present upset condition of the situation. There are those who urge the purchase of Rios at anything over 47, but, although the quotation has suffered so sharply, there is still plenty of margin for a further relapse. As to Anaconda, the market is in the hands of the Yankees, and, if anyone can tell us how the Amalgamated Trust stands at the present moment, we will cheerfully respond with an infallible tip concerning "Anas." Regarding the other Copper shares, we should not advise holders to clear out who have locked up the shares for investment purposes. The market will probably right itself in the long run.

WEST AFRICANS AND SOUTH.

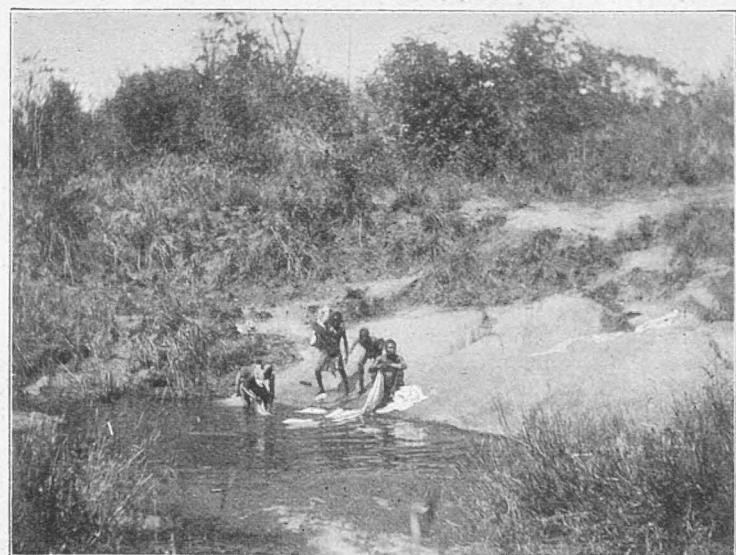
Slowly the Jungle "magnates" are returning to town, and their presence is the signal for a fresh spasm of activity in certain shares. The Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa group is almost quiescent; only in the case of Effuenta is any excitement visible, and that is of a disappointing character to the bulls, as the assays failed to come up to general expectation. Some of the cheaper-priced ventures are once more to the fore, and, as an out-and-out speculation, we may suggest Gold Coast Developments as a favourable purchase. The present price is about 5s. 3d., and, from what we hear, it is quite likely to reach 10s. But, of course, such a speculation is verging on a gamble. Of the higher-priced descriptions, we repeat that Taquah and Abosso shares, British Gold Coasts, and Wassaus are all likely to advance smartly if any favourable news is received from the properties.

Rhodesians are very quiet and prices inclined to droop, in consequence of the dulness of Kaffirs. But the country is rapidly going ahead, in spite of all its disadvantages, and the gold output has advanced by leaps and bounds since it was first begun, not so many years ago. No doubt after the War there will be a big exodus to Rhodesia, whose attractions to emigrants deserve wider knowledge than they command. The country is proved to be gold-bearing, it is well timbered, as photographs readily prove, and, with the cheapening of transportation, there should come a sharp impetus to the share market of the Rhodesian Companies dealt in by the London Stock Exchange.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

"There is always something!" exclaimed a heavy bull of Grand Trunks the other day, as he saw the flatness of the prices. And there is generally a something that hangs as a disconcerting cloud over the markets, even at the very time when they should be improving by steady marches. At the present day, for example, the Money Market is, and has been for weeks past, decidedly easy, nor does the probability of a large demand for gold from New York cause us any particular anxiety. Floating capital is abundant and likely to remain so. The Bank Rate might rise a point to 4 per cent. without anyone feeling it, except those who are contangoing large quantities of stock, and to them an advance in rates would make but little material difference. Then, too, the political situation is



RHODESIAN NATIVES WASHING CLOTHES.

clearer than it has been for some years, so far as the European Powers are concerned. Only from South Africa and South America do we hear of wars and rumours of wars. The Transvaal affair—of which we are all so thoroughly sick at heart, while we wear cheerful faces begotten of conviction that the thing must be seen to the end at any cost—cannot drag on to the end of time, and those mines which are producing are once more proving the marvellous powers of the country. Here we have three perfectly genuine "bull-points" for markets all round, and

yet Consols are but an eighth off 93, Yankees dull, Trunks likewise, and the Copper Market, as a jobber elegantly expressed it, "going to the smelting-pot." I write on Saturday afternoon, and, of course, the whole aspect of affairs may have changed by the Wednesday, when *The Sketch* comes out; nevertheless, it is useful to notice the weak flabbiness that markets can put on in those days when they might be expected to go and to know better.

But it is of no use grumbling at Fate. Considering how short a time we have to spend on this quaint little planet, we may just as well take things as we find them, and with this philosophical platitude let us "cut the cackle and come to the 'osces."

The cheapness of the two last-issued Colonial Loans is indisputable, and when one can buy New South Wales Threes at 94½ and Western Australia Ditties at 91½, it shows that there is an unusual lack of investors who are capable of appreciating a good bargain. I should not hesitate to buy either stock for myself if I had any money to spare, but I haven't, as it will be quite unnecessary to explain to readers who are acquainted with the dimensions to which Stock Exchange "business" is now reduced. And I am not a Yankee jobber, happily or unhappily as the case may turn out to be when the American Market subsides. It has very little appearance of slumping at present, although, of course, prices are not what they have been, and the last week has lowered them all round. All the same, I cannot but think that the artificial basis on which the Yankee Market is now reared must inevitably collapse sooner or later. All past experience goes to show that it will, and, if we pessimists are not mightily confirmed in our fears before very long, then "Joe's dead and Sal's a widder," as Uncle Remus would say. Only, I reiterate that there are no indications of a collapse at present, despite the Copper crash. As my able Editor tells me that he is dealing with Copper shares in another column, I need say nothing on that point; it might lead to unpleasantness, you see.

Yachting has always been a favourite Stock Exchange pastime, and there are many members who possess their own boat. Naturally, Mr. Augustus Wildy is the Stock Exchange yachtsman, and his views on the *Shamrock-Columbi* contests have been listened to with breathless respect by junior jobbers and brokers. There has not been much betting in the House on the races. Perhaps many who might have had a little money on were deterred from a feeling of dislike to bet against the Irish boat. Of course, the events are furnishing an all-enthralling topic of interest in the House, and the plucky perseverance of Sir Thomas Lipton has won him more admiration than even was his over the popular issue of his business under the Company Laws.

It was a client of mine the other day who complained wearily that we brokers always advised people to buy things. "Why don't you tell us to sell shares a little more often?" he growled. "You are so fond of telling us what to buy, but you never tell us what we ought to sell." In some degree, we must, I think, admit the hard impeachment, but, in defence, we must point out that human nature is made ultra-bullish to begin with; that there is an inborn dislike on the part of many to speculate on the bear tack, and that the fear of being cornered is ever-present to the Stock Exchange eye. Another thing to be remembered is that clients in nine cases out of ten ask of their own accord what is good to buy; sometimes they pay for their purchases, and sometimes they don't; but we get so used to these inquiries that we have grown to regard most men as bulls by nature, which, of course, they are. Many a time the arguments in favour of a rise in any particular stock or shares can be faced by others, just as good, which point to a fall, but people refuse to listen to the latter and demand the former. So it comes about that we try to guide people away from stocks that we think are bad for them, and to lead them into bullish paths which tend to a likely profit.

The remarks made about South African Gold Storage shares a few weeks ago in these "Notes" have turned out fully justified, and the rapid rise which has taken place might be taken advantage of by those who are content with a good profit. Were not the Miscellaneous Market so inanimate, there are many things in its lists to attract attention. The merry gamble in Kent Coal shares is, according to one Stock Exchange authority, only just beginning; but I am dubious about that, and should not put my own clients into them at anything like the present price. There is more scope for a rise in Anglo-American Telegraph Deferred stock, familiarly called "Anglo A"; the Company should reap decided benefit from the yacht-races and from the animation which has prevailed this year in the Yankee Market. I am told that Vickers are to be put much better, but, after the Armstrong report, that advance may be delayed for a time. Armstrongs ought to go better, the dividend and report notwithstanding, and, if there is not a sharp recovery very soon, one of those to be considerably astonished will be

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Sept. 28, 1901.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch Office*, 193, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and a *nom-de-guerre* under which the desired answer may be published. Should no *nom-de-guerre* be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BONDS.—(1) We suppose you mean First Mortgage Bonds. They are a very good investment and quite safe, but the yield at present price is not much over 3½ per cent. (2) It depends on the course of the markets, but probably you will get the Bonds ex div. about 1½ points cheaper. (3) You evidently mean the Preferred Ordinary stock. The market thinks very well of the security and also of the B Preference at 96.

A. V. P.—There is no market, and we have failed to get any offer for the shares. Possibly you might get sixpence.

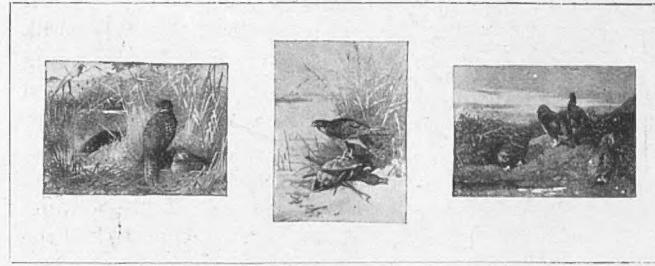
Miss S.—Your railway stocks will never become of no value, and you are unduly alarmed. It looks as if you were in for even lower prices, and you cannot expect the same income as last year, whatever happens between now and Dec. 31. If the stocks were our own, we should not sell, but wait for a turn of the tide.

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Much to everybody's regret, Miss Winifred Emery was taken suddenly ill last week and was unable therefore to play Muriel Manning in "The Second in Command" on tour. In this juncture the Management were fortunate to be able to secure the services of the original Muriel, in the person of Miss Sybil Carlisle, who so recently gave additional interest to the last weeks of "A Man of His Word," at the Imperial Theatre. Miss Carlisle is playing her original part in "The Second in Command," at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, during this week.

Well have the gallant 17th Lancers upheld the motto of that historic regiment of Balaclava fame, for in the affair at Eland's River Poort, though greatly outnumbered and taken by surprise, owing to a mist and the fact that the khaki-clad Boers were at first thought to be British soldiers, not one of the "Duke of Cambridge's Own" Lancers surrendered. Every man of the little troop fought till he fell. The two Lieutenants who thus met a soldier's death were both representatives of historic houses. The name of Lieutenant Richard Brinsley Sheridan is sufficient to indicate his descent. Eldest son of Mr. Algernon T. Brinsley Sheridan, of Frampton Court, Dorset, Lieutenant Sheridan, who was in his twenty-eighth year, was also connected by marriage with Sir William Harcourt. Poor Lieutenant R. A. Morritt was but little over twenty-three, and belonged to one of our best-known Yorkshire families, the Morritts of Rokeby Park, Barnard Castle, and Cotton Lodge, Tadcaster. He succeeded his father in 1890, and is, in turn, now succeeded by his only brother, Mr. H. E. Morritt, who attained his twenty-first year only in March last.

\$1000**INSURANCE.***See page XII.*

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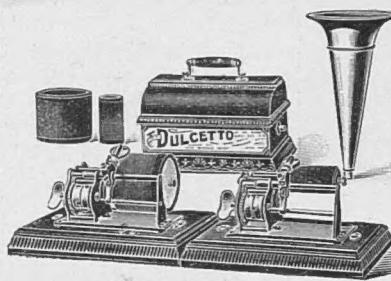
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